

The Sketch



No. 582.—Vol. XLV.

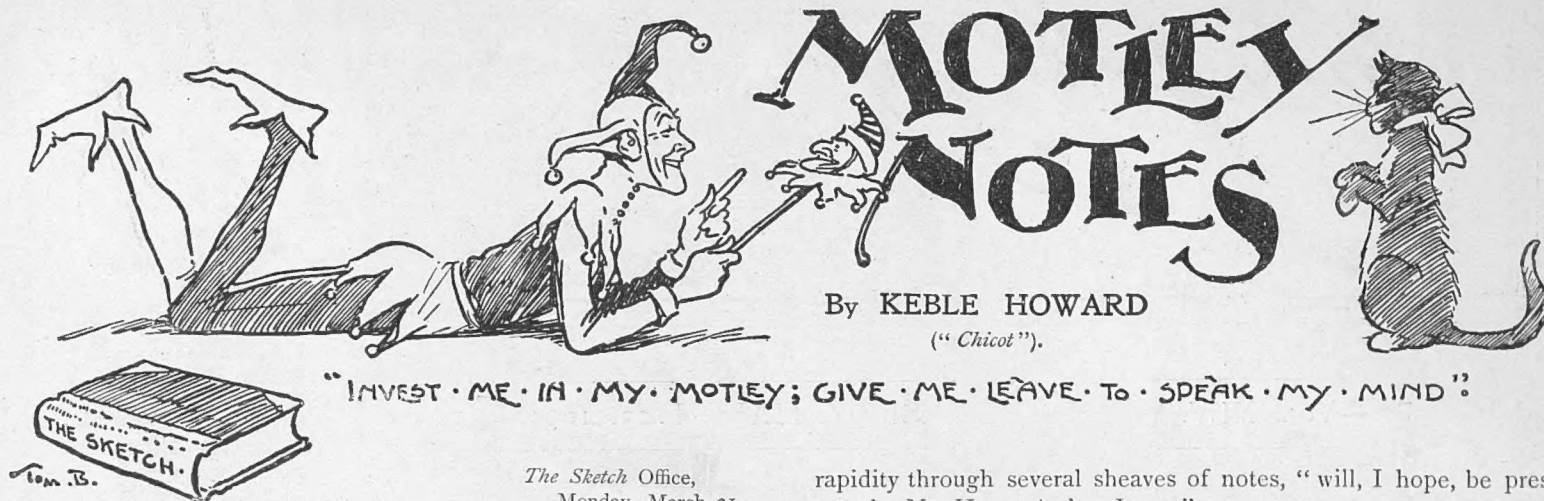
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, March 21.

THE many earnest-minded people who have the real interests of the British Drama at heart—where have I heard that phrase before?—should listen attentively to the news that I have to communicate this morning. Gather round, all ye whose names have been writ large in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. (Not quite so close, perhaps. Thank you.) Gather round, all ye who are anxiously awaiting the fruitful harvest that shall presently blossom forth on the Tree of Knowledge of Good Acting. (No jostling, I beg of you.) Gather round, all ye yearning members of the Stage Society. (Don't push! I've told you about that before!) Now, are we all assembled? Very good. My news is this. A certain millionaire (Cries of "Name, name!") who shall be, for the present, nameless (Groans and counter-groans) has decided, in view of recent disastrous events in stageland, to establish a School for Dramatists. (Sensation.) This gentleman—I think I said that he was a millionaire—has the real interests of the British Drama at heart. I am not deceiving you, my friends. He told me as much himself, and millionaires, as you know, never lie. (A Voice: "They don't have to!") My friend says they don't have to. He is right. I can only wish that my friend also was a millionaire. (Loud and prolonged laughter.) But to continue. On behalf of *The Sketch*, I interviewed the millionaire yesterday. You shall hear for yourselves what he had to say.

I found him in the Brown Study. An enormous cigar hung idly from his expensive teeth, and his head was in the clouds of curling smoke. For the rest, his feet were on the mantelpiece. As for his hands, they were in his pockets.

"How typical!" I breathed, laying my hat on a side-table amid a pile of bank-notes and cigar-stumps.

"What's that?" said the philanthropist, starting a little.

"I merely observed that your attitude was typical of your public life. I refer, sir, to the fact that your hands are in your pockets."

"Don't be silly," retorted my host. I bowed, reddened, and seated myself on a footstool.

"You want to ask me," continued the great man, "something about my proposed School for Dramatists."

"Proposed?" I stammered.

"Well, well, there's many a slip, you know. It's all in the air at present, but I have great faith in the scheme myself, and I have received very warm encouragement from Mr. Seymour Hicks and many of the leading dramatic critics. Mr. Hicks——"

"Himself," I observed, "a dramatist of no mean order."

"Don't interrupt. That gentleman has kindly promised to undertake, in conjunction with Mr. George Edwardes, the Construction Class. As Mr. Hicks very rightly says, what he and dear old George don't know about construction isn't to be discovered either in England or America."

"How true! The pupils, I take it, will start with Construction?"

"Certainly. They will then be moved into the Dialogue Class. Pending negotiations, I may hint that, in all probability, this class will be entrusted to that master of dialogue, Mr. William Archer. You have read his 'Real Conversations,' I presume?"

"Many times. They palpitate, so to speak, with actuality."

"You'd better make a note of that. Having mastered the arts of construction and dialogue," the millionaire went on, "the pupil will have to decide whether he intends to write comedies, dramas, problem-plays, comic operas, musical comedies, melodramas, or—or what."

"Or what," I echoed, thrusting a few cigars into my coat-pocket. The philanthropist watched me narrowly, but, remembering the power of the Press, said nothing.

"The Comedy Class," he proceeded, glancing with lightning

rapidity through several sheaves of notes, "will, I hope, be presided over by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones."

"The dramatist?"

"Of course! Is there any other Henry Arthur Jones?"

"I had some idea that there was a lecturer of that name."

"The same man, fellow. Mr. Jones has the real interests of the British Drama at heart. He will teach my Comedy Class how to waft the atmosphere of Society across the footlights. Epigrams, by the way, will come extra."

"Naturally," I assented. "A cheap epigram is merely the apotheosis of a pun."

"Very likely, but I didn't ask you for examples. On the subject of the Epigram Class, I intend to approach Mrs. Craigie."

"Isn't she a little out of practice, don't you think? There are very few epigrams in 'The Vineyard,' you know."

"Are there? I haven't heard it yet. My secretary is such a slow reader. Besides, that's only a novel. There were plenty in 'The Ambassador,' weren't there?"

"Heaps and heaps," I murmured.

"Very well, then. So much for comedy. We now come to drawing-room melodrama. There is a great and increasing demand for that kind of play. Witness the enormous success of 'The Gay Lord Quex.'"

"Shouldn't one call that bedroom melodrama?" I chuckled.

"Certainly not. I've a good mind to report you to your Editor. However, take a cigar."

I emptied the box. The millionaire, in the meantime, patted the dog.

"Mr. Pinero," he continued, "would probably be willing to preside over the Concealed-Melodrama Class, but I fear that the influence of Mr. Barrie has disturbed his consistencies. It has occurred to me, therefore—or rather, to my secretary—that we should engage as his assistant the author of 'The Worst Woman in London.' What do you think?"

"Excellent. I congratulate your secretary—I mean, you—on the idea."

"Thanks. I'm not boring you to death, I hope."

"Hardly at all, believe me."

"That's most kind of you." He rushed through the notes again. I turned up the collar of my coat to keep off the draught.

"My secretary tells me," the great man continued—I began to get very tired of the secretary—"that there is not much demand for the historical play just now. Nevertheless, I feel that we ought to cover this branch of the Art, and I have therefore determined to communicate with Mr. Wilson Barrett. Now, I think, we have exhausted the subject. There will be other 'extras,' similar to the Epigram Class, but you need not weary your readers with those at present."

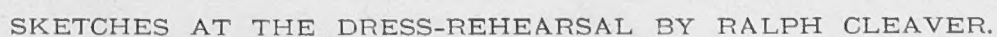
"They're quite used to it," I assured him.

"Are they? Let me see, then. Oh, yes. Mr. Max Beerbohm may have something to say on the Art of Attire; Mr. Bernard Shaw might feel inclined to warn the more mercenary of my pupils against the snare of commercial success; the introduction of incidental music, no doubt, would prove to be a theme worthy the eloquence of Mr. James Glover; Mr. Gordon Craig, I understand, has some original ideas with regard to lowering the fire-proof curtain whilst the play is in progress. Now, sir, you know as much as I do about my School for Dramatists. It ought, at any rate, to make a nice little article."

"It will," I assured him. "Would you care to see a proof?"

"I should love to, but I mustn't." He sighed heavily, and brushed aside a gilded tear. "The doctor," he explained, "has forbidden me panegyrics for a month."

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.")



THE CLUBMAN.

The late Duke of Cambridge—A Believer in "Esprit de Corps"—His Pet Corps—A Favourite Dish.

NOT long before his death, the late Duke of Cambridge told a lady that he still felt that he had the tastes and spirits of a boy, but he added, with pathos, "my poor old body is worn-out." One of the reasons of the late Duke's great popularity with all classes was that the *joie de vivre* was so strong in him that

British and one Prussian corps; but his heart was especially with the 17th Lancers, for that was the regiment with which he did most of his early service, and he was the actual officer commanding it at the same time that he was its "Full Colonel," which, I believe, is a combination of executive and honorary position never held by any other officer. Whenever possible the Duke drew his escort from "The Death or Glory Boys"; he took an active interest in all matters connected with the regiment, and often wore its uniform of blue and white. The uniform in which Londoners generally saw him was that of the Grenadier Guards, another regiment of which he was Colonel, for he usually wore the gold-and-red sash and the bearskin when he took the salute as Commander-in-Chief at the Birthday parade. It was at the Grenadier dinners that the Duke used to give his opinions most freely, knowing that, as a soldier speaking to soldiers, what he said would not be repeated.

The post of Colonel-in-Chief to the Forces, an old office which was revived when the Duke retired from the post of Commander-in-Chief, will cease to exist with the Duke. I am told that when, this year, he heard that the rank of Commander-in-Chief was abolished and that the discipline of the Army would be in the hands of an Inspector-General, the Duke was very visibly affected. It was the disappearance of the last tie which held the Army of the old days to the Army of the new.

The Duke liked to meet the officers of a regiment in their own Mess, and he generally was present at an "inspection lunch" when he went to any military station. These were lengthy feasts, and now the Service knows them not, but in old days no regimental inspection was complete without its great mid-day meal, to which all the heads of departments were invited to meet the Inspecting Officer.

In some mysterious way the Mess Presidents of all the regiments in the British Service came to know that the Duke was supposed to be partial to pork-chops, and it was thought that, if given these rather heavy delicacies for lunch, he would be disposed to look upon the events of the afternoon, generally an inspection of barracks, with a lenient eye. For a year or more, the Duke, though surprised always to find pork-chops on the menu of the luncheons, bore with the diet in patience. At last he rebelled, and a Mess President, having on one occasion ordered pork-chops for an inspection lunch, received a visit from the Brigade Major, who said that the General had received a hint that the Duke was tired of saying "No" to pork-chops when offered to him at inspection lunches.

THE "A 1" SUBMARINE WHICH WAS SUNK LAST FRIDAY DURING THE CHANNEL MANOEUVRES: THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE ILL-FATED BOAT PARTLY SUBMERGED.

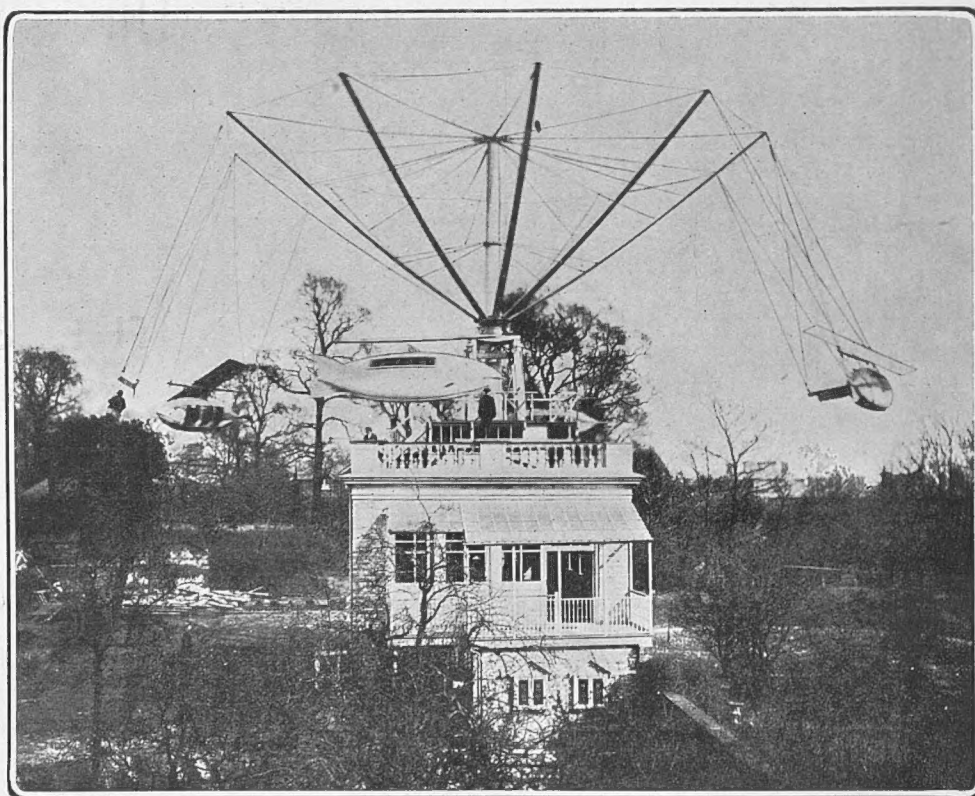
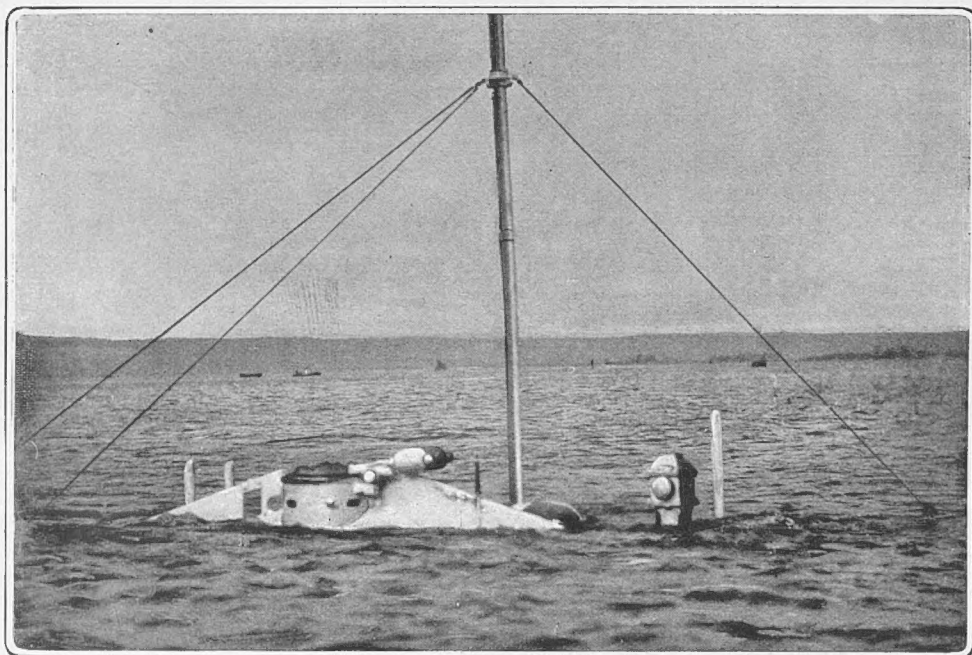
Taken by Stephen Cribb, Southsea. (See Page 330.)

he enjoyed life thoroughly and liked to see other people enjoy it. His bluntness and straightforwardness and his humour were the qualities which especially endeared him to the Army, for the men liked his expressed belief that they were the finest fellows in the finest Army in the world, and the regimental officers knew that to be a good soldier was the only royal road to promotion with the Duke as Commander-in-Chief.

The Duke in the old days never minced matters. My first recollection of him is as a burly figure on a splendid charger, with a Royal servant on an even more magnificent horse behind him, riding up to the parade-ground at Woolwich. That day a Battery of Horse Artillery came too fast down the hill, and the Duke, who was above all things a Cavalry General, was very angry, and ordered the Major in command to bring his Battery past again at the regulation pace. I, being a schoolboy, wondered whether the peccant officer would be tried by court-martial and suffer some awful military penalty, and was much relieved when the Duke at the close of the parade sent for him, laughed, and said something which made the Major smile, and then told him to keep by his side as he rode away in the direction of barracks.

The Duke was a great believer in the effects of *esprit de corps*, and he used his influence against the abolition of the numbers and distinctive facings of regiments; but when the alteration was a *fait accompli* he accepted the situation loyally. I served in a corps which was ordered to change its time-honoured facings—since happily restored—and it so happened that just as the fiat went forth the officers of one battalion of the regiment attended a *Levé* in a body with the Colonel at their head. Someone with a vivid imagination put into print that this attendance *en masse* was to show the cherished facings for the last time, and I well remember the look of strong disapproval on the Duke's face as we strung past. He had tried harder than anyone else to keep our beloved colour for us, but, once the order had gone forth, he would not countenance anything which could in any way be considered a protest.

The Duke was Colonel-in-Chief of several regiments and Honorary Colonel of half-a-dozen



SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S AERIAL ROUNDABOUT: OBSERVE THE PASSENGER ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W. (See Page 330.)

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS, ROUEN, AND DIEPPE AT EASTER. — 14-DAY EXCURSIONS. Via NEWHAVEN. Thursday, March 31, from Victoria and London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 30 to April 2, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares, Paris, 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.; Rouen, 35s. 3d., 27s. 3d., 23s. 8d.; Dieppe, 32s., 25s., 20s.

DIEPPE. — THURSDAY TO TUESDAY CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. — From London Bridge and Victoria. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, March 31 to April 4. Fares, by Day or Night Service, First Class 24s., Second Class 19s., and by Night Service only, Third Class 15s., available for return up to April 5. Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

EASTER on the CONTINENT by the HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND Royal British Mail Route, leaving London every evening and arriving at the chief Dutch cities early next morning.

GERMANY. — Accelerated service via the Hook of Holland. Restaurant Cars on the North and South German Express Trains.

BELGIUM. — Brussels. — Cheap Return Tickets. The Ardennes, &c., via Antwerp, daily (Sundays excepted).

Direct Service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car from York.

HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's Fast Passenger Steamers from Harwich March 31 and April 2.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS to the Principal HEALTH AND HOLIDAY RESORTS From LONDON (WATERLOO) and certain Suburban Stations.

FOURTEEN-DAY TICKETS to PARIS issued on March 30, 31, April 1 and 2. Return Fares, First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s. (N.B.—Through Bookings to Paris have been arranged from the principal Northern Companies. Ask for tickets via Southampton and Havre.)

To CHERBOURG on March 31 and April 2, Fare 22s.; to HAVRE on March 31, April 1 and 2, also to ST. MALO on April 1, Fares 24s. 6d.

FAST EXCURSIONS to the COASTS of HANTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, NORTH and SOUTH DEVON, NORTH CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, &c. For particulars and bookings to other places, also ADDITIONAL and LATE TRAINS to the WEST OF ENGLAND, WEYMOUTH, BOURNEMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, and PORTSMOUTH (for the ISLE OF WIGHT), see programmes, obtainable at any of the Company's London Stations and Offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

ON GOOD FRIDAY the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. express from London (King's Cross), at ordinary fares, will be run to PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, NEWARK, RETFORD, LINCOLN, NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, DONCASTER, WAKEFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, and HALIFAX, and several other of the principal Great Northern Stations. Connections will also be given for YORK, NEWCASTLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, PERTH, ABERDEEN, &c.

The Cheap Week-End Tickets usually issued each Friday and Saturday will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (if train service admits), and Saturday, March 31, April 1 and 2, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 5 (except date of issue), but tickets to Caister-on-Sea, Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, West Runton, Woodhall Spa and Yarmouth, Gorleston-on-Sea and Lowestoft, are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Tuesday, April 5, inclusive (if train service admits).

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Stations, as follows—

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Ardglass, Armagh, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Killaloe, Killarney, Larne, Limerick, Londonderry, Newcastle (Co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT, MARCH 30, to Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carnforth, Chorley, English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Lancaster, Lytham, Morecambe, Penrith, Preston, St. Helens, Southport, Whitehaven, Wigan, Workington, &c., returning April 4, 5, or 8.

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 31, to Aberdovey, Abergavenny, Abergele, Aberystwyth, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Brynmawr, Builth Wells, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Colwyn Bay, Conwy, Criccieth, Dolgelly, Dowlais, Ebbw Vale, Harlech, Hereford, Holyhead, Llanberis, Llandilo, Llandrindod, Llandudno, Llangammarch, Llanwrtyd, Merthyr, Oswestry, Pwllheli, Rhayader, Rhyl, Shrewsbury, Swansea, Tredegar, Wellington, Welshpool, Wrexham, &c., returning April 4, 5, or 9.

To Ashbourne, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Coventry, Derby, Dudley, Leamington, Leicester, Macclesfield, Northampton, North Staffordshire Company's Stations, Nuneaton, Rugby, Tamworth, Thorpe Cloud (for Dove Dale), Walsall, Warwick, Wolverhampton, &c., returning April 4, 5, or 8.

To Carlisle and Maryport, returning April 4, 5, or 8.

To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Crief, Cruden Bay, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Dundee, Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Fort William, Gourock, Greenock, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Perth, Stirling, Stranraer, Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigtown, and other places in Scotland, returning on April 4, or within 16 days.

ON THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, MARCH 31, to Accrington, Ashton, Bacup, Burnley, Bury, Colne, Crewe, Darwen, Liverpool, Manchester, Nelson, Oldham, Rochdale, Stafford, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, &c., returning April 4, 5, or 8.

ON SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 2, to Ashton, Guide Bridge, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Stalybridge, Stockport, and Warrington, returning April 4, 5, 6, or 9.

ON MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Rugby, Warwick, Walsall, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, &c., returning same day or on April 5 or 8. (No bookings from Kensington or Woolwich by this train.)

ON EVERY SATURDAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.—To Bedford, Bletchley, Blisworth, Brackley, Buckingham, Leighton, Rugby, Woburn Sands, and Wolverton, returning same day or following Sunday or Monday.

To Newport Pagnell, returning same day or following Monday.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars see Small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

Euston Station, London, March 1904.

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For ordinary train service arrangements see other announcements.

Derby. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

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First Class 58s. 4d., Second Class 37s. 6d., Third Class 30s., available by 2.20 p.m. and 9 p.m. Services from CHARING CROSS on March 30, 31, April 1 and 2; also by 10 a.m. Service on March 31. Returning from Paris any day within 14 days. For Return Times, see Handbills.

CHEAP TICKETS to BRUSSELS and Back, via CALAIS or BOULOGNE 22s. 11d., via Ostend 18s. 4d., will be issued, available for 8 days.

CHEAP SATURDAY TO MONDAY TICKETS, also Special 8-Day Tickets, will be issued to BOULOGNE and CALAIS; and 8-Day Excursions will be run to OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c. Continental Services will run as usual during the Holidays. Special Expresses will leave Victoria (S.E. and C.) at 1.45 p.m. for Folkestone, and at 8.50 p.m. for Dover, on Thursday, March 31, in connection with the Boats to Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend respectively.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLEIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA) will be issued from London by certain Trains on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 31 and April 1 and 2, available to return on Tuesday, April 5, by any Train (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted).

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND (for Rosherville Gardens), HASTINGS, BEXHILL, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT on BANK HOLIDAY, leaving CHARING CROSS at 9.24 a.m. Return Fare 3s., Third Class.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return Cheap Tickets from London (including admission) will be issued.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills:

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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EASTER HOLIDAYS.

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SAM FAY, General Manager.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

MARCH 26.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT—

THE WAR FROM THE JAPANESE

POINT OF VIEW.

DRAWINGS BY JAPANESE ARTISTS.

THE SUBMARINE DISASTER.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

MARCH 26.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

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THE SUBMARINE DISASTER.

THE sinking of submarine "A 1" by the *Berwick Castle*, of the
Union-Castle line, was a sad sequel to the manœuvres
which had been witnessed by the King and the Prince and
Princess of Wales. The saddest part of the affair is that the whole
of the crew, officers and men, were drowned without a chance
of escape. The collision took place on Friday last, at three in
the afternoon, within half-a-mile of the Nab Light-ship, quite out
of the usual track of liners, and nothing was known for several
hours except that the *Berwick Castle* reported having come in
contact with some object the nature of which could not be
distinguished. The two officers killed were Lieutenant Loftus
Charles Ogilvy Mansergh and Sub-Lieutenant John Preston Churchill,
both enthusiasts in submarine work, and nine petty officers and
seamen shared their fate.

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the art of self-propulsion through the air, nor does it profess
to be so, since it is merely a "captive flying-machine." It
resembles a huge, roofless umbrella, with the ribs sloping upwards, at
the ends of which are suspended fish-shaped cars in which the
passengers sit. The cars are propelled round and round by the rotating
shaft, or umbrella-stick, at a high rate of speed, and the sensation of
travelling through the air fifty feet above ground at sixty-five miles or so
per hour is sufficiently novel and exhilarating. One of these curious
machines will be among the attractions of this year's Exhibition at
Earl's Court, and another will delight holiday crowds at the Crystal
Palace. It is said that Sir Hiram intends to devote the money
received through this invention to the final solution of the problem of
flight in the air. Among the passengers who witnessed the successful
trial-trips at Thurlow Park, Norwood, on Thursday of last week were
Lord and Lady Wallscourt, Lady Palliser, the Hon. W. Massey-
Mainwaring, M.P., and Sir George Newnes.

THE MUSE AMONG THE LAWYERS.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION.

(With apologies to "D. F. T. C."; also with apologies to "R. K.")

Sight of a breath-scorched horse-trough, whiff of a drain with gout,
Sound of an Etna, roaring, speed of a Lawyer's tout;
Whopper, wind-breaking specific, eye-sickening son of a dun,
What are the feelings of Articled Clerks when the strain of the day
be done?

Oh! for the roar of a scratching quill, or the *draft* that blows so free,
With the strong, striding stride of a Managing Clerk, or the boom
of an LL.D.,

And Ho! for the hissing traffic, and the fleeced clients left in the rear,
And the click of the type, or the suck at the pipe, that leads to
consumption and beer!

Three score and ten is the span of men, the men who avoid the Law,
Who shun the blast of a judgment, and the hell-hot costs abhor;
And three score and ten the Counsel, with fees shining temptingly
bright,

Yes, three score and ten for Rudyard, laid on with a cane every night!
So Ho! for the hot-tempered public, and the Action that subtly grows,
A quarrel . . . a threat . . . and a mix-up! Draw the writ now,
and watch out . . . Here goes! AN ARTICLED CLERK.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

WITH the passing away of the Duke of Cambridge disappears a notable link with the Victorian past, and all over the world British officers felt a pang of grief on learning last Thursday that "the Duke" had gone to his long rest. Queen Victoria's first-cousin was ever the most loyal of her subjects and soldiers, and this was the finer on his part as only her life during twenty-one years stood between himself and the future possession of the Crown.

Gloucester House, especially those rooms actually used by the Duke of Cambridge in daily life, contained many affecting mementoes of the late Sovereign and her children, especially prominent being a portrait of our present Queen, whom the gallant old man cherished as a daughter and to whom he was ever showing little marks of tender affection. To the King and Queen, to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the disappearance of the *doyen* of our Royal Family is a cause of sincere sorrow, and that in spite of the fact that he was full of years and honours.

The King drove up the new Queen Victoria Memorial Avenue from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace on the occasion of his *Levé* the other day, and was, no doubt, delighted to observe the progress that had been made. His Majesty, too, we may be sure, did not fail to note the splendid subscription of fifteen thousand pounds made by the fervently loyal Colony of New Zealand, a cheque for which was recently received by the authorities of the Fund. This is a marvellous contribution to come from a population numbering not more than that of Glasgow. His Majesty, a day or two afterwards, received Mr. Aston Webb, R.A., the architect who laid out the roadway, and then honoured Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., with a visit at his studio in Osnaburgh Street, to inspect the model of the great sculptured memorial of the late Queen which is to be set up right in front of Buckingham Palace.

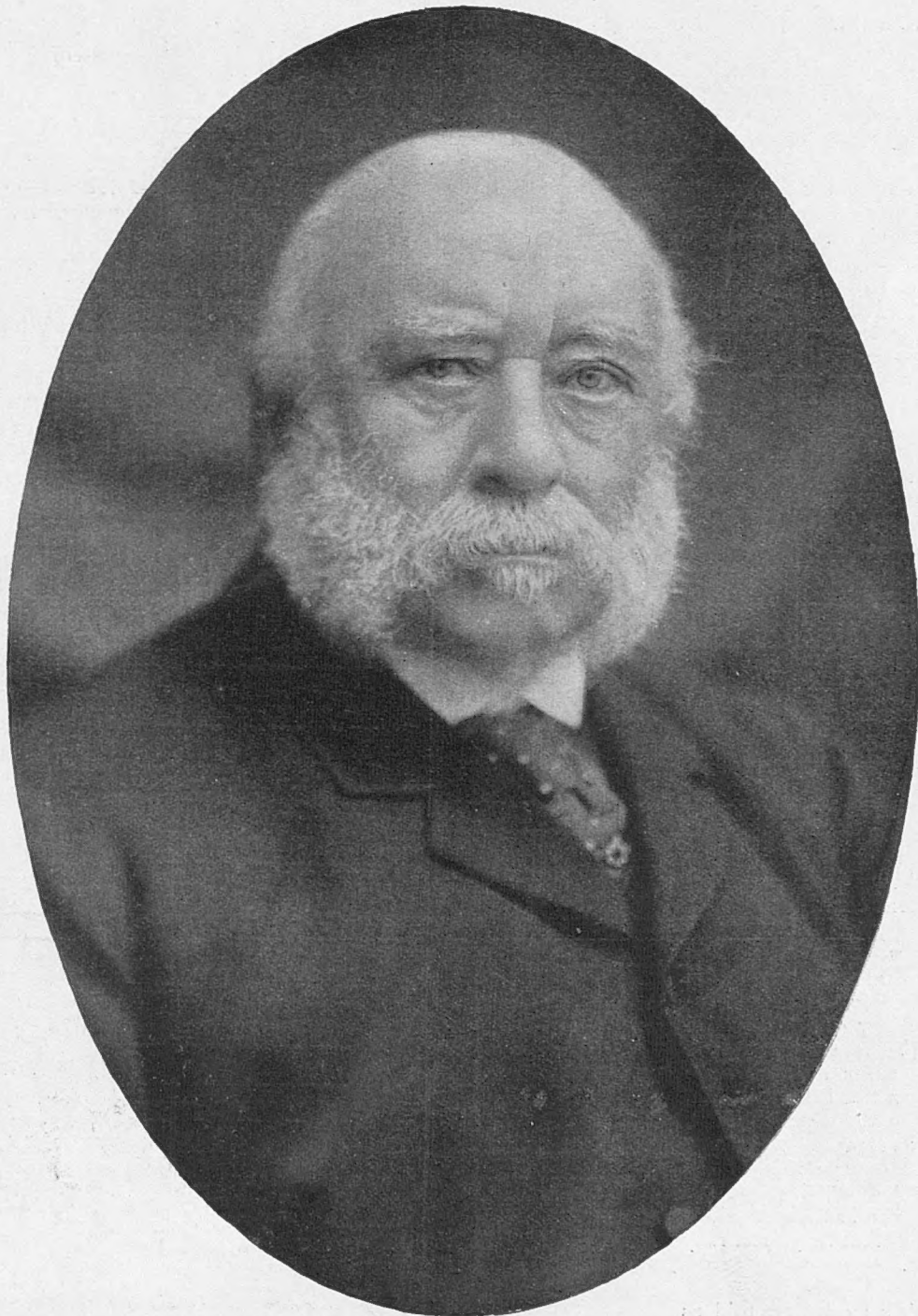
The Drawing-Rooms which are held in the present reign are by no

means such formidable affairs as were those in the reign of Queen Victoria, when sometimes very funny incidents happened. The Prince Consort was the authority for a story about a country clergyman who was being presented at Court and in his nervousness went past the Queen without making his bow. The Lord Chamberlain, who saw what had happened, signalled to the clergyman to go back, and the latter, guessing that something was wrong, thought that the Lord Chamberlain was showing him what to do. So he stopped and elaborately imitated the signs and signals, and passed solemnly on, feeling that he had got through the ordeal most successfully. Everyone was in fits of stifled laughter, and even the Queen could not help smiling at the absurd pantomime which the reverend gentleman had so seriously performed in front of her.

Counting the Cost. Germany has hailed with a sigh of relief the close of her social season (writes our Berlin Correspondent). All through the winter she has been dining nightly, either as guest or hostess, and she is now counting the cost of her prandial enjoyment. The result of this general balancing of accounts is the proposal formulated by the official classes in Königsberg, that seat of philosophy, for a return to simpler forms of entertainment.

The ambition to play a social rôle, combined with modern ideas of luxury, plays havoc with the household economy more especially of the middle-class officials, who feel obliged to return the hospitality extended to them by their superiors. It is accordingly suggested that men of eminent rank shall in future reject all invitations to dinner from men of much lesser rank.

In Berlin this evil does not appear to be susceptible to so simple and patriarchal a remedy, and it is certain that in succeeding winters people whose means are unequal to their position will continue to starve themselves for weeks in order to give dinners which nobody enjoys in rooms which are obviously unfitted for the reception of numerous guests. Such "banquets," whether given by the wealthy or the less well-to-do, are known in Berlin by the disrespectful name of "Abfütterungen." Not the intimate friends of the house are necessarily invited to these "feeds," but men of equal rank and similar ideas. In this way, an official with an income of six hundred pounds a-year is obliged to sacrifice at least a hundred if not a hundred and fifty pounds in solemnly entertaining the entire list of his acquaintances in the official world. Apart from these conventional and expensive evenings, the Berliner rarely entertains at home; he arranges to meet his friends at a "Beer House" or "Wine Restaurant."

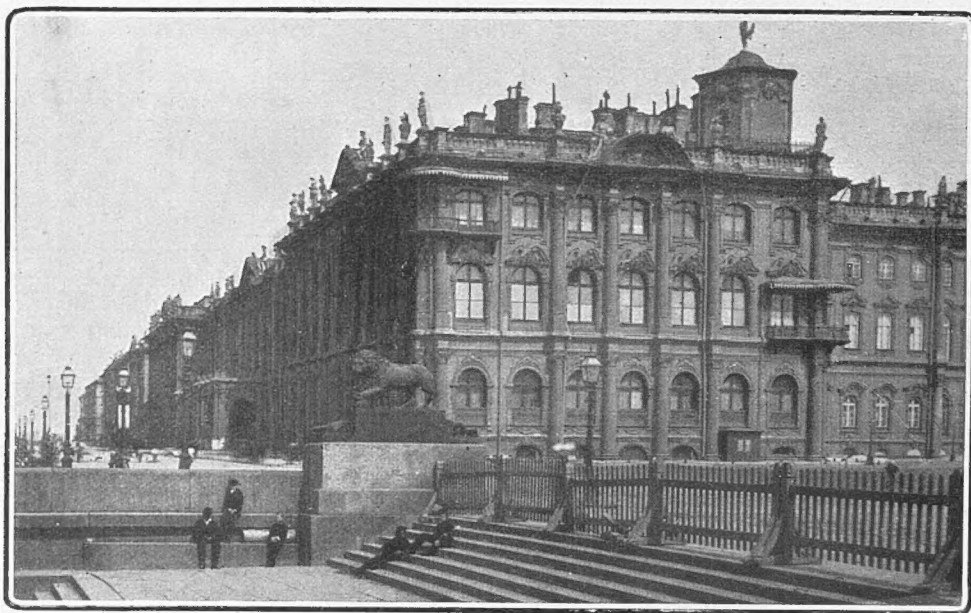


THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

The Admiralty, St. Petersburg.

In St. Petersburg everything is on a splendid scale as regards outward appearance and stately magnificence. Thus, the Admiralty, which has found itself so strangely wanting during the last few weeks, compares, as regards outward appearance at any rate, very favourably with the modest buildings from whence our own modern Nelsons take their orders. Just now the huge palace is full of seething activity, and the



THE ADMIRALTY, ST. PETERSBURG.

Grand Duke Alexis, who is the practical head of the Russian Navy, spends there the whole day, receiving reports, giving orders, and trying to reorganise the Fleet which has suffered so severely at the hands of Admiral Togo. As so often happens, the men who are all-important on sea are but little known in St. Petersburg's official circles. Thus, Admiral Alexeieff is not a familiar figure at the Admiralty, for he has spent most of his professional career in the Far East; even now it is being said that when the war is ended he may be brought back to reorganise the Russian Admiralty. Another well-known Russian sailor, Admiral Makaroff, who is now commanding the Pacific Squadron, has also had little to do with the naval headquarters in the Russian capital, for since he first entered the Navy, some forty years ago, he has been constantly on active service and in distant lands. He is well known in this country, where he has many friends among our naval officers.

A Great War-Shrine.

Russia is the land of shrines, and at the present moment the pious poor of Moscow spend hours kneeling in the snow before the Holy Gates between which stands one of the holiest ikons in the great White Empire. These pilgrimages are being organised in order to draw down blessings on the Russian hosts who are making their painful way towards the East in order to meet the Japanese in land-combat. The word "war" is one of grim reality to the moujik. The horrors of the Crimea are still remembered among the old folk, and more recently the struggle in the Balkans taught the Russians of all ranks how awful a modern war can be. The ikon guarded by the two Holy Gates is not only a war-shrine; on great occasions it is taken about the city in procession, and even to the bedside of the sick, but, of course, at the present moment it is being invoked with a special view to the great Eastern conflict.

The Government Defeat.

Liberals and Nationalists had a day of glorious exultation when they defeated the Government on a motion for the reduction of an Irish vote by a majority of eleven. The division took place very early in the afternoon, and many of the Unionist Members had not arrived from lunch, but it was foreseen and they were warned of it. In these circumstances, it is suspected that there is a good deal of indifference on the side of the Government as to its fate. A defeat in Supply is a serious rebuff, and, if disaster is to be avoided by the Unionists, they are told that they must rally more readily to their Leaders.

A Parliamentary Surprise.

Interesting stories are told as to the manner in which, even with all their precautions, the Government Whips were surprised by the Liberals.

As a rule, Members enter by their own doorway from Palace Yard, and when they appear in the Lobby their names are marked off on a sheet by the Whips' clerks or attendants. Thus the Whips know, usually, how many "men" are in the House. On this occasion, a considerable number of Liberals entered by St. Stephen's Hall and did not appear in the House until the division-bells rang. The whole Opposition cheered vociferously for a couple of minutes when the defeat of the Government was made known, and the Ministerial Whips looked very uncomfortable as they stood at the table on the beaten side of the Irish tellers.

The Angry Premier. Mr. Balfour went away to his room after he voted in the eventful division, thinking no evil. But he was there only a couple of minutes when he learned that his Government was defeated. On his return to the House he found Mr. Redmond demanding the fruits of victory by a suspension of business. The Prime Minister's face at that crisis will long be remembered by those who saw it. He was pale with anger, and he gave his opponents a glare which was quite unfamiliar to them. His conduct, however, betrayed no fear or irresolution. He treated the defeat as if it were of interest chiefly to the Irish, who would lose a hundred pounds by it. "Well-spent money!" exclaimed Mr. Redmond.

Mr. Chamberlain's Return.

The interest taken in Mr. Chamberlain is proved by the speculation as to his motives in leaving Egypt sooner than had been expected. Indeed, when he was on the Nile his spirit was all-powerful at Westminster. All the political world wonders what he is to do and say when he reappears. Is he coming back with a new policy, or is he to renew his fiscal propaganda? Will he advise his followers to keep the present Government in power throughout the Session, or will he recommend Mr. Balfour to go to the country? Although Mr. Chamberlain was supposed to be beaten when he went away, politicians talk as if he had only to whisper and his will would be done by the Unionists. His presence will give an extra touch of piquancy to an interesting Parliamentary position.

Another Retiring Parliamentarian.

This is the last Parliament in which Sir William Walrond will sit in the House of Commons. Sir William, who is now Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was Chief Government Whip from 1895 till 1902, when



ONE OF THE GREAT WAR-SHRINES OF THE WORLD: HERE MOSCOW IS NOW PRAYING FOR VICTORY.

he was succeeded by Sir Alexander Acland-Hood. Both were in the Grenadier Guards, Sir William retiring when he succeeded his father in the title. He has been in Parliament for nearly a quarter of a century, and when he disappears from the one House his friends hope he will be found in the other. Although not an orator, but rather a retiring man, Sir William Walrond is a shrewd politician and an adviser of the Prime Minister. Lady Walrond was heiress of the late Mr. James Pitman, Dunchideock House, Devonshire.

The Countess of Clancarty. Many of her old friends, both on the stage and off, will hear with sincere regret of the serious illness of Lady Clancarty, who, as Miss Belle Bilton, was a shining light of musical burlesque. The marriage of the pretty young actress to Lord Dunlo was one of the theatrical and social sensations of the year 1889. Two years later, Lady Dunlo took her place among the Countesses, and she soon became exceedingly popular in Ireland, where she and Lord Clancarty have lived almost entirely during the last twelve years, showing much hospitality to their friends and neighbours in County Galway, where their place, Garbally Court, is situated. Lady Clancarty has four pretty children—three sons and a daughter—to whom she is devoted. Little Lady Beryl Le Poer Trench, who is ten years old, has, in addition to her pretty first name, the quaint one of Franziska. During her illness Lady Clancarty's bright, cheery presence has been missed in the neighbourhood of Ballinasloe, and it is hoped that she will soon be well enough to take her place among the leaders of Irish County Society—the more so that she takes a great interest in all local affairs and especially in all local industries.

A Remarkable Young Couple. It rarely happens that the descendants of two famous men meet and marry. This, however, has been the pleasant fate of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Lytton. Lord Lytton's youngest brother is, of course, the grandson of the great Bulwer-Lytton, whose fame in English letters is now enjoying a revival, while his young wife was Miss Judith Blunt, the daughter of Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt, and a descendant through her mother of the great Lord Byron. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Lytton was a great romance and excited keen interest, both in this country and in Egypt, where the youthful bride was well known. Mr. Lytton was, at the time he became a Benedict, only just twenty, and when he came of age he was already the proud father of a son and heir. He and Mrs. Neville Lytton, who is her distinguished parents' only child, live in a quaint, old-world place, "Rake Mill," in Surrey. They are both devoted to outdoor life, Mrs. Lytton being, perhaps, one of the best horsewomen in the kingdom. She also has a great love of flowers and of gardening.

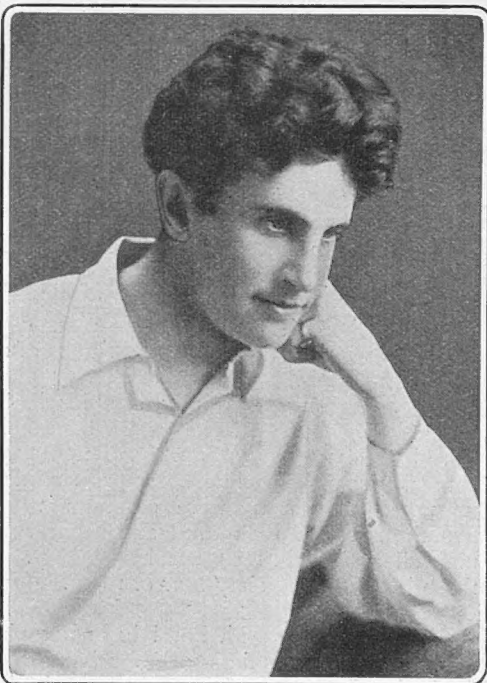
Fire-proof Scenery. The nervous playgoer may take heart of grace and enjoy a performance in peace, for the era of theatre-fires is surely at an end. Recent experiments at the Alhambra have proved conclusively enough that the preparations of the Non-flammable Wood Company can resist fire. The Company has erected eight "frames" on its premises, and scenic artists can do their work there and send to the theatre scenery that fire cannot set alight. Another happy thought has led the Company to take models of scenes for a production and deliver them at the theatre for the scenic artist to work upon. The model supplied is non-flammable. London should have seen its last theatre-fire.



THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY, WHO HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY ILL FOR SOME TIME PAST.
Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Sharks in Europe. Superstitious people, if any such remain, will probably hold that it is as a portent of the war that sharks have once again appeared in the Baltic Sea, after an absence of nearly a hundred and fifty years. Sharks are still to be met with in the Mediterranean, but in the northern seas we have long been rid of them. But now fishermen report that in the narrows of the Cattegat and the Belt these dangerous fish are once more to be seen and that they follow the boats to attack the nets as they are being hauled in. It is also said that some of the fishermen have had narrow escapes of their lives. There are shoals of sharks in the North Sea, and along the coasts of Germany and Norway they are to be found in considerable numbers.

The Colonies and the Boat-race. Undergraduates from our oversea Colonies have before now rowed in the University Boat-race; for example, Fairbairn of Jesus, who rowed for Cambridge in 1879, Armitage of the same College, who rowed in 1880, both of whom were Australians, as was also Calvert of Trinity Hall, who rowed in 1899. Dutton of Magdalen, bow of the Oxford boat in 1900, was the first New Zealander to row, and Brooke, the Cambridge President of 1901, was the son of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak. But never before have three men from the Colonies rowed in the one crew, as is the case with the Cambridge boat this year. Number two, S. M. Bruce, is an Australian, as is also M. V. Smith, the stroke, while H. D. Gillies, the number seven, is the second New Zealander to take part in the great race. Perhaps, when the Rhodes Scholarships are in full swing, we shall some day find the Oxford boat made up entirely of men who have been born outside these islands.



THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON.
MR. LYTTON IS A GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS NOVELIST, BULWER-LYTTON, WHILE MRS. LYTTON IS A DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT LORD BYRON.



THE HON. MRS. LYTTON.

Photographs by the Cameron Studio, Wells Street, W.

The decoration which the Mikado conferred upon the gallant Engineer Minamisawa, the hero of the torpedo-boat-destroyer action at Port Arthur, is called the "Order of the Golden Kite," and is the equivalent in the Japanese Navy and Army to our Victoria Cross. The present Emperor founded it in 1890. Unlike the "V.C.," however, it has seven classes, the first being confined to officers of the highest rank, Generals and Admirals. The riband of the Order is red with a white border.

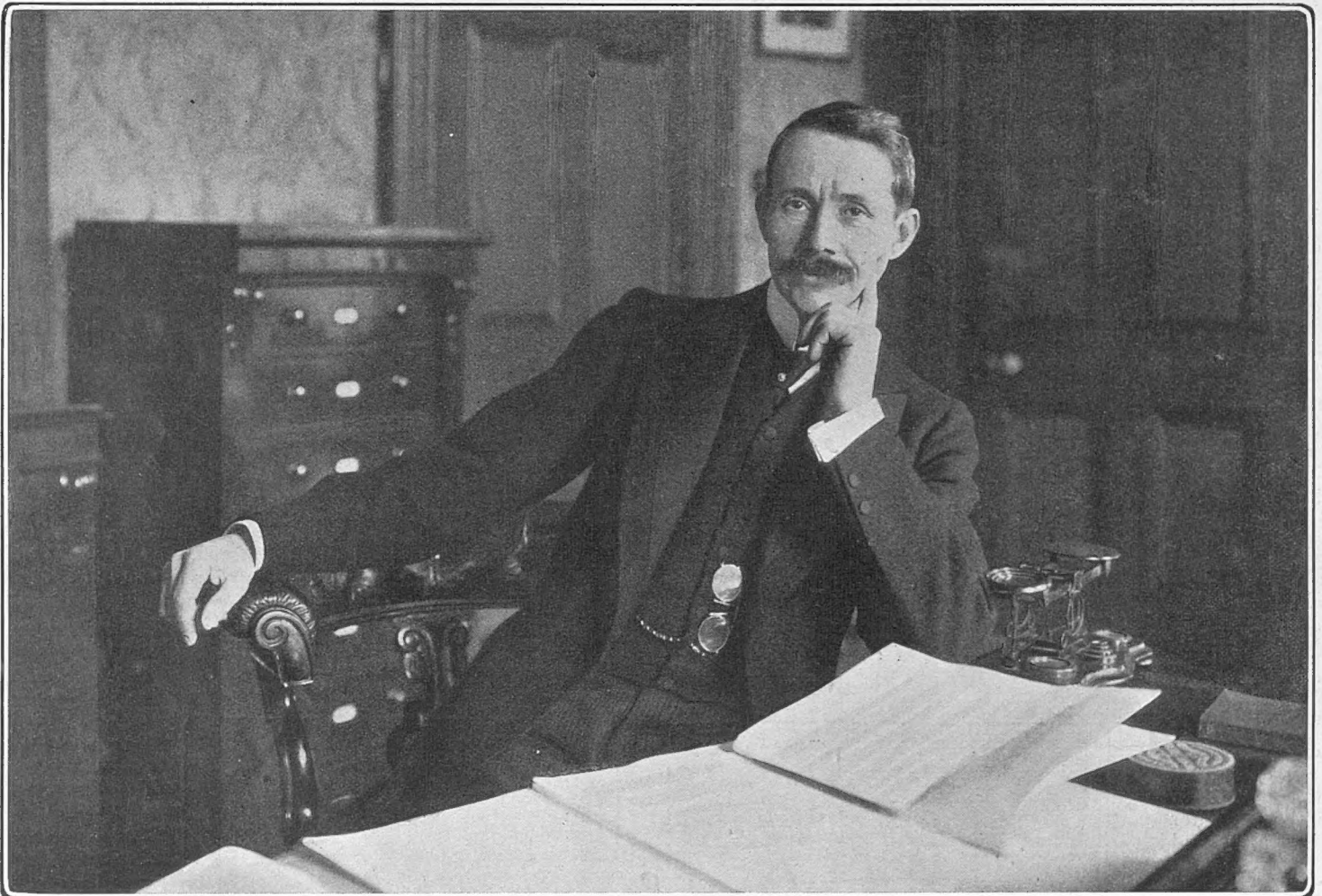
*Chairman of the
"L.C.C."*

Mr. John Williams Benn, the new Chairman of the London County Council, is one of the most popular members of that important body, as was proved on the occasion of his election last week, when Mr. John Burns's motion that Mr. Benn be appointed was carried without a single dissident. The new Chairman is a native of Cheshire, a journalist by profession, and from 1892 to 1895 represented St. George's (Tower Hamlets) as a Liberal. Two years later he contested Deptford unsuccessfully, and in 1900 he was defeated at Bermondsey. As he pointed out in his first speech as Chairman, he is one of the "Old Guard," for he has been a member of the County Council since its creation and has served as Vice-Chairman, Chairman of the General Purposes Committee, and Chairman of the Highways Committee. In the course of his speech, Mr. Benn spoke hopefully of the future, notwithstanding the heavy additional burden imposed by the London Education Act, which places the education of three-quarters of a million children in the Council's hands—an undertaking as great as that of all Scotland and twice as great as that of Wales.

Trilby in Real Life. Du Maurier's Trilby, when hypnotised by Svengali, sang in a manner that marked her as one of the greatest of vocalists. Madame Madelaine, her counterpart in Munich,

the Louvre and acquire them for a mere song. A little while ago, the *Weekly Critical Review* discovered a real Michael Angelo. Now it has found out that Raphael's "Belle Jardinière" in the Louvre measures five centimètres too much in the height and fourteen centimètres too little in the width, and that the real original is on view free of charge at its own offices. This sort of thing amuses Paris connoisseurs so much that they forget to be indignant at the rude attempt to add fourteen centimètres to "La Belle Jardinière's" waist, and even the Louvre management, which has a way of taking outside criticism seriously, has smilingly refused to destroy the "Belle Jardinière" it has and fly to others that it knew not of, although the *Weekly Critical Review* has offered its original in free exchange.

A Sale of Derelicts. And the discovery of the Raphael reminds me that the annual sale of *objets trouvés* took place this week at the great dépôt of the Palais de Justice. It is the most peculiar show imaginable, this annual sale of unremembered trifles from the streets of Paris. It is incredible what men and women can forget in cabs, in trains, in omnibuses, and in the public highways, and this year's sale produced an odder variety than ever. The ladies show considerably more imagination than do the men in what they leave about. Among the lots were furs, petticoats, hundreds of pairs of corsets,



MR. J. WILLIAMS BENN, CHAIRMAN OF THE NEWLY ELECTED LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Photograph by Haines, Southampton Row.

when put into a hypnotic state, is said to dance divinely. She is the wife of a merchant and her extraordinary performances have created a great stir. At first she would not consent to demonstrate her marvellous art publicly, but her discoverer and manager, Professor Emil Maguin, finally persuaded her to give three performances at the Royal playhouse of the Bavarian capital. As a guest of Count Zichy, the Austro-Hungarian Minister, Madame Madelaine has danced before several members of the Bavarian Royal House, and she is overwhelmed with invitations to attend fashionable gatherings. When performing, she wears a loose and becoming costume in the Grecian style, which serves to accentuate her beautiful figure and graceful motions. With a few passes of his hands, Professor Maguin hypnotises her, and on Professor von Thuille, of the Royal Musical Academy, striking a few chords on the piano, her face and form become animated by the rhythm. Madame Madelaine is to dance before a Committee of German scientists, and it is said that, after visiting Berlin, she will come to London.

*Louvre
Masterpieces.*

In the cafés where what the authors of the last century were wont to call the *gendeletré* congregate there has been much amusement over the discovery of a little Anglo-French contemporary known as the *Weekly Critical Review* (writes our Correspondent). It is a well-known fact in Paris that anyone who is sufficiently *naïf* and stays here long enough can, if his pocket hold out, discover the originals of all the masterpieces in

hats, handkerchiefs, purses, eye-glasses, forests of umbrellas, false teeth, fans by the thousand, and stacks of a varied description of those articles lumped into the catalogue as "*choses intimes*," whatever they may be. Among the males, cripples had forgotten crutches, a man with a club-foot had left a patent boot behind him somewhere, there were hats, caps, canes, bundles of newspapers, bundles of stocks and shares, pipes, sewermen's lamps, swords, five miners' picks, plants in pots, and—these were common to both sexes—no less than five thousand two hundred and thirty-seven bunches of keys. The umbrellas, though, beat the keys easily. There were nine thousand three hundred and sixty-four of them.

Réjane's Husband.

M. Porel has many claims to fame besides that of being the husband of the famous actress, Réjane, for he has been one of the most successful of Parisian stage-managers, after having made his reputation, under the Second Empire, as a successful actor. He began his professional career at the Conservatoire, where he got a prize, and he was a valued member of the Gymnase Company when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. After *l'année terrible* he was given the important position of Director of the Odéon, and during the years he occupied that post he raised the second State Theatre in France to a very high degree of general efficiency and popularity, perhaps his most successful and daring experiment having been the production, some ten years ago, of "*Lysistrata*."

TRILBY IN REAL LIFE: THE SOMNAMBULIST DANCER AT MUNICH.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH." SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MR. BENJAMIN TROVATO does not limit his walks abroad to the times of year sacred to the Silly Season. Surely the Spring must have tempted him, or I should not have read in a morning paper—not mine, *bien entendu*—the story of the poor widow with many children. Her habitat is Eastern Europe, her family is large, her poverty pitiable. At her wits' ends to find food, she had the fine idea of turning her offspring into incubators. So, following part of the procedure of the old woman of nursery days who lived in a shoe, she put the children to bed and put a quantity of chickens' eggs in with them. The heat radiating from the children promptly hatched the eggs, the chickens were sold, the widow dried her tears, fed her children, and sent them to bed with a fresh "sitting." How Mr. Benjamin Trovato must have chuckled when he gave this pretty and affecting story to the world!

I do not scoff at this tall tale, for I see in it a solution of many world-problems. Great Britain, for example, imports eggs by the million and buys countless chickens. Yet our casual-wards, our parks, and public places are thronged with the unemployed. Every man, woman, and child among them might be turned into an incubator, and with the turning would come an end to trouble and suffering, hunger, thirst, and cold. Moreover, the price of chickens would go down, and we should not pay hundreds of thousands of pounds to the foreigner. Frankly I will confess that I don't know quite how the heat was maintained by the originator of this fine scheme, or how restlessness during the sleep of the foster-parents was robbed of its dangers. Mr. Trovato does not descend to such paltry details, nor does a grateful reader demand them.

I read with pleasure in my morning paper that a gamekeeper has been fined heavily for shooting a valuable dog belonging to a farmer. His defence was that the dog was chasing a rabbit in one of his master's woods. It was not stated that the rabbit was caught, or that its value when taken would exceed eightpence, but the sheep-dog that suffered the death-penalty for a harmless escapade was admittedly worth eight pounds. The average gamekeeper is not a very bright fellow. He wages war with all sorts of birds that are really his friends, the owl family being a fair example; he shoots rare visitors to the woods on sight, unless he has received specific instructions that he is not to do so; and he believes in his own right to shoot any dog, however valuable, that does not obey the notice-boards and sign-posts.

Since Mr. Jingle's priceless sporting-dog fell a victim to its own intelligence, I have heard of no other that has preserved its traditions. In some parts of the country the gamekeeper's rights over dogs that stray from the straight and narrow path are so widely recognised that I have known poor men to accept the

loss of a favourite animal, that was straying rather than poaching, without any definite protest.

Really women are to be congratulated upon the advance they are making in the estimation of the mere male things that rule over them. Last Wednesday's debate in the House of Commons may not have been inspiring by reason of its eloquence or wit, but the voting was very decisive. In a year or two, I suppose, we shall find women voting side by side with men, and a race of lady politicians will arise in which there will be countless Dianas of the Crossways. For a time, politics must suffer from the incursion, but things will right themselves, and the generation that has objected to women voters will

join the generation that opposed the passing of the Married Women's Property Act. It is not generally known that the Jewish Morning Service has a special passage for males, who return thanks that they were not born women, while for women an expression of contented submission takes the place of the thanksgiving. By the end of this century I expect that the verses in the service will be removed.

I shall be agreeably surprised if the details that my daily paper hopes to publish in a few days with regard to the settlement of outstanding questions between this country and France do not create considerable comment of a kind that is not quite complimentary to our administrators. According to such information as I have gathered from sources beyond Fleet Street, the questions between Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay have been settled upon the principle of give-and-take, Downing Street doing the giving part. In short, it will be found that the unsettled state of Far Eastern affairs has enabled that splendid diplomat, M. Delcassé,

to drive a very shrewd bargain. All is fair, I suppose, in love and war, and political considerations between France and Great Britain, founded on love, are affected by war. At the same time, it is well for Ministers that they do not read the papers.

My daily paper tells me that the *Giralda* is now Spain's Royal Yacht. I saw this vessel for the first time in Spanish waters when Mr. Harry McCalmont brought her to Seville, some eight or nine years ago, and then I remember coming upon her at her moorings below the Torre del Oro, within sight of the Giralda Tower that gave her name, and devoting the greater part of a lazy afternoon to admiring her many beauties. When the Spanish-American War broke out, the *Giralda* was sold to the Spanish Government, but succeeded in weathering the stormy season, and now serves Alfonso XIII. for State functions. He is certainly well housed. Even in the Bay of Monaco, among the most splendid pleasure-craft in the world, the *Giralda* used to attract admiration.



[DRAWN BY STARK WOOD.]

AT THE BOAT-RACE.

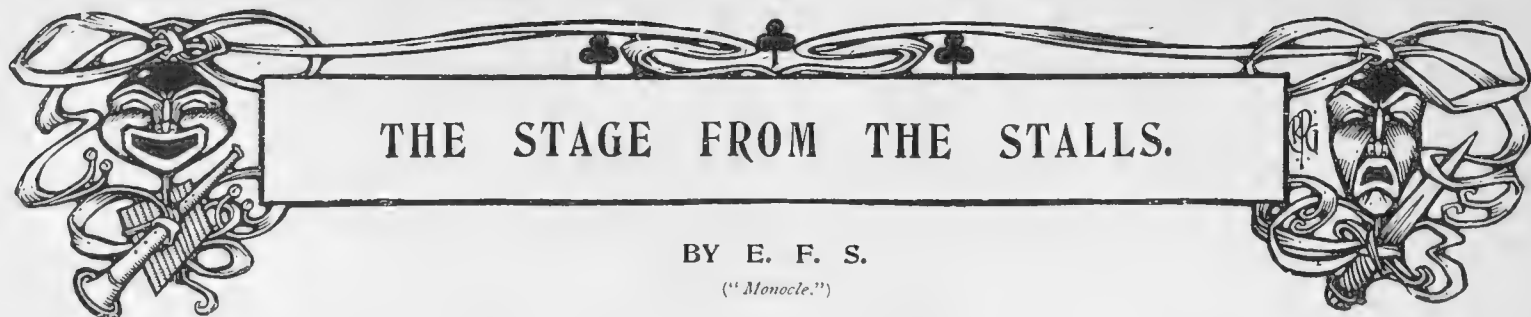
FORTUNE-TELLER: "Let me tell 'is fortune, the little dear."

JONES (who has arrived too late for the race): "He knows it."

NEARING TOKIO: ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY FOR THE RUSSIANS.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL, OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST IN LONDON.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR"—"A SOUL'S TRAGEDY"—"LOVE'S CARNIVAL."

HOW delighted the critics were on the first-night in 1897 at the Court Theatre of "His Excellency the Governor": a new dramatist had arrived, one with plenty of wit, power of drawing character, freshness of idea, and not fond of sloppy sentiment. In view of these, we were lenient to the silliness of the barricade business

and the want of constructive skill in the last Act. The public was not so amiable then, but on the revival last week the house showed handsomely the signs of pleasure so sparingly exhibited originally. Can it be that there are many playgoers so distrustful of themselves as not to be amused by an author's work until he has made his mark, just as there are people unable or unwilling to admire a picture unless they know the artist's name? The difference in the reception certainly was not due to difference in performance. The critic sighs because Mr. Marshall has hardly fulfilled the promise of 1897, though his successes have been big; and



MADAME RÉJANE'S HUSBAND: M. POREL,
DIRECTOR OF THE VAUDEVILLE, PARIS.

Photograph by Nadar. (See Page 334.)

he wonders, too, why the author has not used the skill acquired by experience and improved the early work which starts so brilliantly and ends so clumsily. The acting has some weak spots; indeed, the part of Miss Carlton is not a mere *ingénue* task, but demands an actress of more experience and technical skill than was exhibited, and Mr. Marsh Allen does not play his original character with quite the easy touch he once showed. On the other hand, Miss Irene Vanbrugh's work is altogether brilliant; any change in it would be disadvantageous. Mr. Dion Boucicault appears to have lost some of the restraint that graced his acting: he is almost as funny as at first, which is saying a great deal, but not without some new and regrettable exaggeration. Mr. H. B. Irving is thoroughly skilful and amusing, yet, perhaps, he would gain by a little more quaintness and suggestion of age in make-up. Mr. Holman Clark is delightfully dry and official, and Miss Fanny Coleman misses no point.

One approaches the Browning play produced by the Stage Society with awe due to genuine admiration for a man of genius and the feeling that he is working in a wrong medium. "A Soul's Tragedy" is quite puzzling enough when read, but the reader can pause and think and turn back to re-read obscure passages with the light gained from others. The poor spectator must understand at once. Of course, he may read up the play in advance. A demand that a piece should yield itself entirely to a listener at one performance is unreasonable, since it limits absurdly the author's range of ideas, and it may be permissible to have obscure secondary meanings which surrender only to deep consideration, but it is unfair to obscure the primary meaning by strange turns of the tongue. Now "A Soul's Tragedy" is almost as obscure in speech as in thought: it needs translation, but when translated would lose so much as not to deserve production, for its lack of the essential vulgar qualities is great. Certainly it acted better than I expected, for I did not expect that it would act at all. Mr. Brydone's Ogniben was really a remarkably able piece of acting which ought materially to advance his position. Mr. Ben Webster has done nothing for a long time so good as his Chiappino, which was really powerful and picturesque.

The transition from "A Soul's Tragedy" by Browning to a soul's tragedy by Messrs. Fenn and Pryce, under the title of "Op o' Me

Thumb," was rather abrupt, despite a twenty minutes' interval. The new work is some evidence of the fact that there are plenty of good One-Act plays waiting for birth. It may be too obviously made to order, and Mr. Horace Greensmith seemed as unreal as his name, but there is enough observation and freshness in it, as well as sense of the stage, to render the piece quite interesting. The stunted workhouse-girl moved by almost pardonable vanity and cheap kitchen-fiction to wonderful romances about herself is fairly new on the stage, and the treatment of the part is decidedly skilful. Where she got the name Amanda I hardly guess. There is about the piece enough artificiality to make one expect a happy ending without, however, regretting its absence, and one must admire the way in which the authors reached a kind of conclusion without sickly sentiment. Whether the ladies in the Soho laundries talk in the fashion we heard I hardly know, but their intermittent belief and disbelief in Amanda's romances are rather convenient than convincing. The piece acts well and was well acted. Miss Hilda Trevelyan was altogether admirable as the workhouse-girl; one could guess that she has understudied Miss Louie Freear, whose gifts she shows without what has always seemed to me an exaggeration of comicality in make-up and manner. Miss Trevelyan's power of showing tears close to laughter is quite remarkable and her technical skill is great. Miss Margeret Bussé, as the laundry-maid, showed a nice touch of character, and Miss Florence Lloyd was decidedly clever. Miss Annie Goward, whom I have not seen for a long time, is quite perfect in humorous, vulgar female parts. There was a valuable foreign note in the Madame Céleste of Miss Marianne Caldwell.

"Love's Carnival" seems rather too pretty a name for the new piece at the St. James's, though "Love's Beanfeast," which a wag suggested, will not do. For "Rosenmontag" is a somewhat ugly play, whether accepted as a study of abnormal temperament or picture of the cruel effects of German military despotism. Mr. Alexander acts the hero in the romantic style and not as a character-study. Yet many details suggest that the invertebrate Hans Rudorff is a neurotic fellow to be handled essentially as an unromantic person. However, we had a good deal of German military life, and, I suppose, may assume it to be correct. It is a little surprising to see the manners of the brave fellows, and watch them act like noisy schoolboys in some ways, and drink champagne by the bucketful, and talk a great deal about Rudorff's grandmother in a quite amiable manner. The talk about grandmother rather amazed me, till I thought of Heine's remark, that the German loves Liberty as if she were his grandmother.

It was to please grandmother that Rudorff's cousins, Peter and Paul, prevented him from marrying the hapless heroine, by indulging in a dirty conspiracy of lies and trickery: the result was that Rudorff, being subject to *neurasthenia cerebri*, as well as the laws of melodrama, was easily cheated into believing her to have been faithless, and she followed suit. Then the truth came out—it must in melodrama—and Rudorff and the girl of low degree became intimate again—over-intimate. The luckless Rudorff had pledged his word to the Colonel of the regiment to discontinue his relations with Else, and, having broken the pledge, seemed likely to be drummed out of the corps. He wanted to fight the wicked cousins, but this was against the etiquette which holds as high a place in German barracks as at the Court of Spain. He might have taken the advice, and money, of a friend and gone away with Else and made an honest woman of her and a man of himself. This, however, involved desertion of the regiment. To the vulgar logician, suicide also involves desertion, but Rudorff did not see it in that light; he resolved to die, and wrote morbid poetry on the subject, which Else found. So she asked permission to die with him, and, convinced that she was ardently longing for death with him, he murdered her ere destroying himself.

A drama rich in psychological interest might be written on the subject, but Herr Hartleben has worked on other lines and produced a melodrama curiously unconvincing. Nevertheless, there are some effective passages and several interesting scenes; yet the audience seemed to have forgotten them when the play came to a close. The power of Mr. Alexander's acting, although he shouted too much at times, may not be questioned. Miss Lilian Braithwaite exhibited no sense of specific character in the only female part, though she played with much sincerity and some strength. Messrs. Lyall Swete, Hignett, Ernest Leicester, Elphinstone, and King Fordham acted excellently, but their characters were ungrateful.

A SOUVENIR OF THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.



MISS MABEL LOVE AS BLOSSOM IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY."

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.

MADAME SARAH GRAND.

TO the "mere man," Madame Sarah Grand has always been one of the most interesting figures in female literature. Not less interesting has she been to the "mère woman," if, in the twentieth century, such a pun may be allowed to a journalist who acknowledges with regret that he has no qualifications whatever for picking a pocket.

The reason for this interest is not far to seek, for several of Madame Sarah Grand's books have in them that quality which makes for argument, and argument in art is the starting-point, at least, of reputation. How amusing this fact of difference of opinion may be made has been shown by the critics of some of the chief papers which pride themselves on their taste in literature. When "Ideala" came out, it was published anonymously, and several of the critics declared, "A new light has appeared on the literary horizon." Then "The Heavenly Twins," which made Madame Sarah Grand's name known from one end of the civilised world to the other, appeared with her name attached, and the same critics declared, "This woman cannot write at all." To-day, however, that opinion would have to be modified to a great extent, even when another difference of opinion between author and critics has to be chronicled. As Madame Sarah Grand once told an interviewer, "The papers are all really very good to me when all's said, except, perhaps, one or two of the ladies' papers, and they would be nice, too, only they always think I mean what I don't mean."

"The Heavenly Twins," by the way, furnishes an excellent example of Madame Sarah Grand's method of work. It may be best, if paradoxically, summed up in two words, "No method." She did not sit down with a pre-arranged plot, and the same may be said of all her later work. Not that she has never done such a thing, for she has written novels in which plot has dominated everything, but her experience is that such books are not read, or, if read, are very soon forgotten. The paradox suggested in the case of Madame Sarah Grand's work is borne out by the confession she once made: that the starting-point of her novels is an idea, though the form in which the idea comes or takes may vary. Sometimes it may be the title for the book, at other times a phrase. It was a phrase which started "The Heavenly Twins." The author was sitting quietly chatting with some friends one day, when there came to her what she has called "the strange and beautiful suggestion of the awakening and unfolding of a young girl's mind and being—the awakening of her womanhood and of the great impulses within her." The idea even thrust itself into words, and she wrote them down in a note-book which she always carries with her. The words were: "At nineteen Evadne looked out of narrow eyes at an untried world inquiringly. She wanted to know. She found herself forced to put prejudice aside, in order to see beneath it, deep down into the sacred heart of things, where the truth is, and the bewildering clash of human precept with human practice ceases to vex."

For two long years that phrase went running through Madame Sarah Grand's mind before she was able to express accurately to herself what it was Evadne "wanted to know." At last, the vague idea fell into sequential form, and "The Heavenly Twins" was begun. From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, Madame Sarah Grand sat alone in her study and wrought. Some days the work was good, and she kept it. Other days, the work did not satisfy her, and she tore it up. So she went on, until at the end of about two years all that Evadne "wanted to know" had been vouchsafed to her.

Two years may be said to be the average time for Madame Sarah Grand to take to write a novel, though, as she does not begin until she is completely saturated with its whole atmosphere, the time devoted to each book may be, and is really, longer. Occasionally, however, a novel may take less time. This was the case with "Babs," which occupied only a year, but it was really written some fifteen years ago and put away. When it was taken out, it was entirely re-written, for the style did not please the author, though she did not find it necessary to change the conception of a single character.

It says much for the truth of those characters that they should have stood the severer test which experience both of life and its expression had imposed on the author during the long interval of time. Truth in human nature is, however, a constant quantity, and any apparent change is due only to greater knowledge, the result of experience, in much the same way as a more powerful microscope reveals characteristics in an object which a less powerful glass had failed to bring out. This increased knowledge has more than once caused Madame Sarah Grand to modify her own views with regard to the characteristics of the children of her brain. Thus, in "Babs the Impossible," when she first began to portray Mr. Jellybond Tinney, he appeared nothing more than a pompous hypocrite and a vulgar creature. Gradually, however, as he grew into the author's fuller knowledge, she began

to learn more and more of his better side, until, at last, she found him trying to hold her hand, as he held the hands of all the other ladies in his neighbourhood. Had Mr. Jellybond Tinney a counterpart in real life? Perhaps—at least, perhaps in part—for Madame Sarah Grand does draw from real life, though she has not yet attempted a portrait of an individual.

To achieve the result of a good day's work, certain conditions must be observed. The first is a solitary breakfast; the second that Madame Sarah Grand must be dressed tidily and in black, though black is the one colour she hates. Were she to attempt to sit down to her desk wearing a wrapper, her grammar "would become slovenly at once," as she once humorously put it. Finally, there must be some fetishes on her desk, which friends who have been permitted to enter the sanctuary of her study aver is "a hopelessly confused heap of rubbish."

For the last three or four years Sarah Grand has done more lecturing than writing; but, lately, she has returned to her desk.

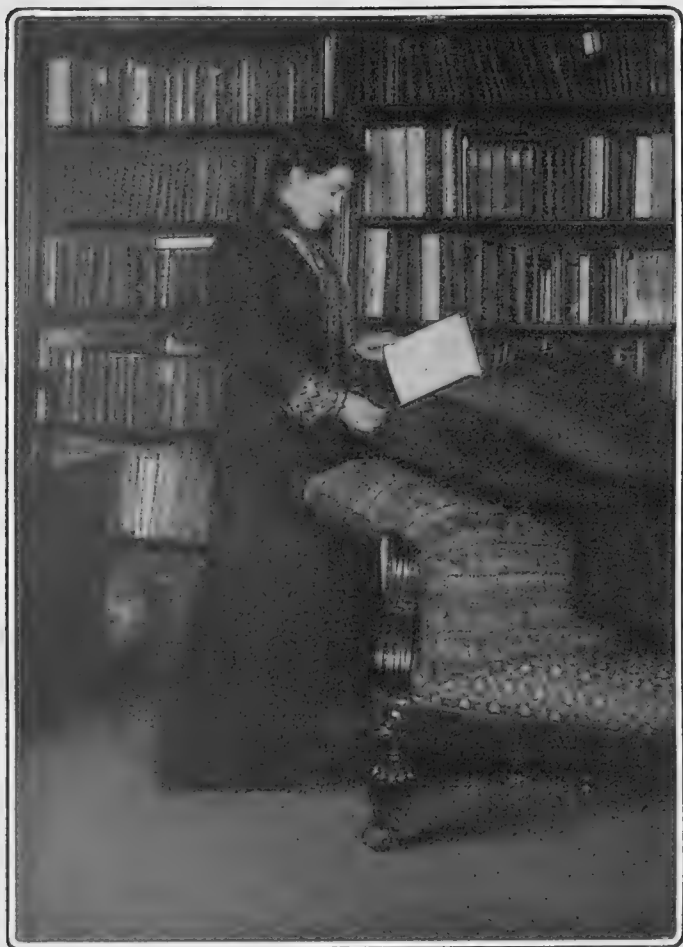


THE DESK AT WHICH "THE HEAVENLY TWINS" WAS WRITTEN.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LXXIX.—MADAME SARAH GRAND.



IN THE LIBRARY.



A FINE COLLECTION OF CHINA.



FRESH AIR AFTER WORK.



A PRETTY CORNER OF THE GARDEN.



MISS JANE MAY AS A GUARDSMAN IN "THE DARLING OF THE GUARDS,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"MY FAVOURITE.
E. M."



MISS EDNA MAY AS SAY-SO SAN IN "THE DARLING OF THE GUARDS,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

TESTING THE FIRE-PROOF SCENERY AND SCENIC MATERIAL AT THE ALHAMBRA.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")



A "BORDER" OF TREATED CANVAS HELD FOR TEN MINUTES IN THE FLAMES OF A GAS-BATTEN. ORDINARY CANVAS WOULD HAVE BEEN ASHES IN AS MANY SECONDS.



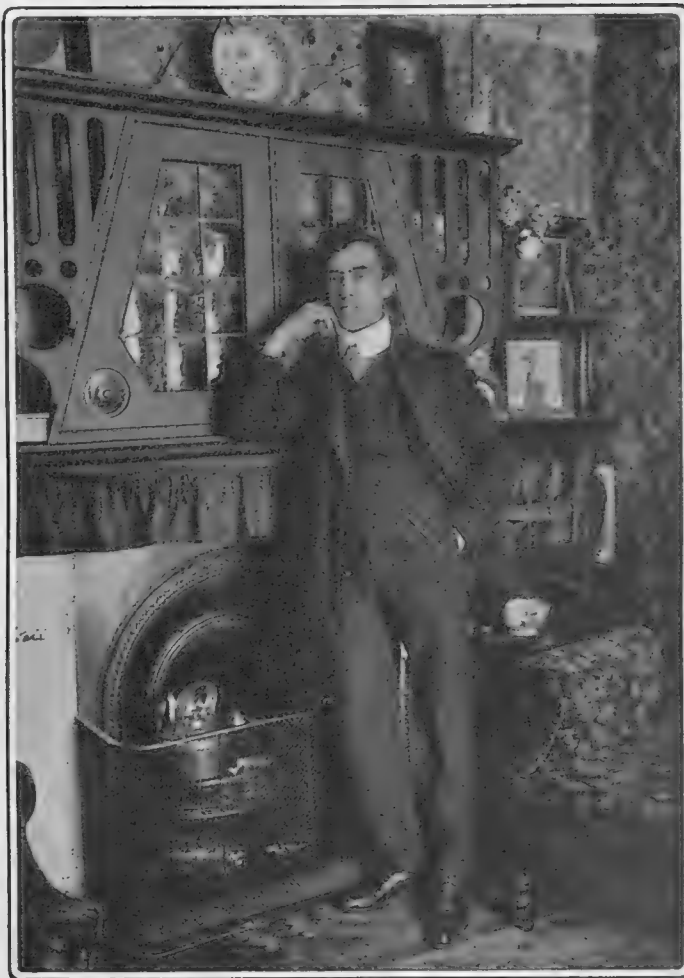
A SHEET OF TREATED GAUZE SUBJECTED TO THE SAME TEST. TEN MINUTES' CONTACT WAS ALSO GIVEN IN THIS CASE.

Photographs by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ADELPHI.



MR. HAMISH MACCUNN, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.



MR. E. ROYCE, STAGE DIRECTOR.



Mr. Charles Childerstone.

Mr. Powis Pinder.

Mr. McCullem.

Mr. Alec Fraser.

WAITING FOR THEIR "CALL": A LITTLE GAME OF "NAP."

Photographs by F. W. Burford.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A NAME familiar to the readers of illustrated books published in the 'fifties and thereafter is that of Mr. J. D. Cooper, the engraver. When wood-engraving was an art, Mr. Cooper was one of its foremost professors, a most skilful, careful, and enthusiastic worker. For leading firms like Messrs. Longmans and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. he was constantly working. Among his more recent achievements was the engraving of the illustrations in Sir Henry M. Stanley's books. Mr. Marston, the publisher, says: "I well remember his enthusiasm when I brought home from Cairo many of Stanley's very rough but suggestive sketches, and how quickly and intuitively he would interpret the slightest and roughest hints for landscapes, groups of natives, animals, or weapons. It was a pleasure to witness his interviews with the great explorer and listen to their friendly disputes." Mr. Cooper died at Highgate in his eighty-first year.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell's book on Matthew Arnold, just published in the "Literary Lives" series (Hodder and Stoughton), is not a formal biography. Arnold and his family objected to anything in the nature of a Life. But Mr. Russell knew Arnold intimately, and has been able to publish several new and very important letters. Of these the most interesting is, perhaps, his remarks on Mr. Swinburne's famous panegyric published in the *Fortnightly Review*. It is all the more interesting because Arnold did not care for Swinburne's

poetry, and latterly laid hands on his idol. Writing to F. T. Palgrave, Arnold says—

Swinburne fairly took my breath away. I must say that the general public praise me in the dubious style old Wordsworth used to praise Bernard Barton, James Montgomery, and suchlike; and the writers of poetry, on the other hand—Browning, Swinburne, Lytton—praise me as the general public praises its favourites. This is a curious reversal of the usual order of things. Perhaps it is from an exaggerated estimate of my own unpopularity and obscurity as a poet, but my first impulse is to be astonished at Swinburne's praising me, and to think it an act of generosity. Also he picks passages which I myself should have picked, and which I have not seen other people pick.

One of the most notable books of the autumn will be a collection of Ruskin's letters to Professor Charles Eliot Norton. Ruskin called Professor Norton his first real tutor, and his second friend after Dr. John Brown. Dr. John Brown, in the simplicity of his affection, liked everything Ruskin wrote for what was true in it. But, says Ruskin, "Norton saw all my weaknesses, the measure of my narrownesses, and, from the first, took serenely and as it seemed of necessity a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance, though the younger of the two and always admitting my full power in its own kind, nor only admitting, but in the prettiest way praising and stimulating." Ruskin thought that Norton was misplaced in America, and would have liked him best to have been a Savoyard Count, and finally to have devoted himself to write the "History of the Bishops of Siam." We may be sure that in Professor Norton's collection there will be nothing to give pain to anyone, and the only danger is that the letters be edited with excessive rigour.

An American lady who writes with some point has been criticising Mr. Barrie's stage-heroines. She is somewhat inclined to be grieved at the fact that none of Mr. Barrie's women is formed for intellectual superiority. None of them except Moira indulges in anything remotely resembling a career, and Moira is very glad to get out of that career into the world of babies and femininity. Miss Phoebe Throssell industriously taught school, but never mastered the demon of arithmetic. In "The Admirable Crichton," Lady Mary is discovered with a book over which she falls asleep. Mr. Barrie devotes himself to the temperamental complexities of his heroines, leaving any possible mental attributes out of the question. Babbie, according to this critic, is by far the most charming, because she is the epitome of childhood, with its humours, its sympathies, its impulses, its follies, and its miniature misdeeds. In the end, it is admitted that there is nothing wrong with Mr. Barrie's ladies, who might be very nice in Thrums, in Quality Street, or on an island; but it is suggested that they should have more "spiritual dignity"!

We are to have an English translation of a Japanese novel, written two years ago by a native of Japan for Japanese readers. It has already attained a circulation of eighty thousand in the vernacular. The author, Mr. Kenjiro Dokutoni, is a literary leader in his own country. The story turns on the case of a wife divorced from her husband by her mother-in-law. It seems that this proceeding is strictly legal in Japan, and that the mother-in-law may exert her right not only without consulting her son-in-law, but even in his absence, so that he who goes forth on a journey as a sober married man may return to find himself a gay young bachelor or a sorrowing widower, according to the state of his mind. It is expected that the treatment will be as astonishing as the subject.

There is to be another book about Japan from the pen of that clever writer, Lafcadio Hearn, who has not been heard of lately. Mr. Hearn has a charming little Japanese story in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "The Dream of Akinosuké."

The reissue of William Black's novels is being advertised under the heading "Queen Victoria's Favourite Novelist," and it is announced that of the half-crown edition upwards of a quarter of a million have been sold. o. o.



SKETCHED IN A PROVINCIAL BAR.

STOUT ARTISTE: *My dear, I'm engaged to play Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." What will you have to take?*

AN ACT OF CHARITY.

By THOMAS COBB.

MRS. BOLDERO, having been advised by the doctor "to keep up her strength," had ordered for luncheon a rump-steak-and-kidney pudding, which she was just about to carve, and some mutton cutlets, now in front of Miss Lucy Westlake, her companion, whose principal duty was to read Mrs. Boldero to sleep after the present meal and dinner.

The pudding was served in a white basin with a napkin around it, and the parlour-maid stood interestedly looking on whilst Mrs. Boldero cut a V-shaped piece out of the top, placed this on a plate, and began to spoon out the contents. Suddenly pausing, with the spoon in her right hand, she turned wrathfully towards Mary.

"Where," she severely demanded, "are the kidneys?"

"Cook said the butcher didn't send them in time," was the answer.

Mrs. Boldero felt disappointed. She had thought of the pudding once or twice since her ten o'clock breakfast. "Take it away!" she exclaimed, and Lucy Westlake tried somewhat markedly to look as if the affair possessed no interest in the world for herself, as, indeed, it would not if Mr. Roper had not chanced to pass the house at that moment.

Mr. Roper occupied one room in a very small house a few hundred yards away; there he had lived as long as Mrs. Boldero could remember, and, although she had naturally never spoken to the old man, he was well known to her and to most other persons in the neighbourhood by sight.

He looked more than sixty years of age; he was short, erect, and remarkably thin. His limp-brimmed felt hat, once black, had now become green, his tightly fitting coat had faded from dark blue to brown. As Mrs. Boldero had often remarked, "a crossing-sweeper could not have dressed more shabbily," yet his white hair was always closely cut, his chin cleanly shaven, his large moustache carefully curled. From one of her servants (Mrs. Boldero had a habit of exchanging confidences of the kind) she had learned that Mr. Roper half-starved himself. "He certainly looks as if a good meal would do him good," she would remark.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Boldero felt a kind of interest in the old man, who often passed her window, and this afternoon she happened to look up in time to recognise him.

"Ah!" she cried, "it would be an act of charity to give it to that poor man!"

"Who is that?" asked Lucy, helping herself to the smallest cutlet.

"Mr. Roper," was the answer. "It would make him a meal every day for a week. I have a good mind to send it——"

"Oh, but——"

"I beg your pardon?" said Mrs. Boldero, sharply.

Lucy's cheeks were crimson, for she perceived what Mrs. Boldero could not see, that, although his clothes were fit for the dust-bin, Mr. Roper was a gentleman.

"You couldn't do such a thing," murmured Lucy.

"Not perform an act of charity? And why not, pray?" asked Mrs. Boldero. "Mary," she added, "take away my plate and the pudding. I will have some cutlets. Cook can put the basin in a basket and Miss Westlake shall carry it to poor Mr. Roper directly after luncheon."

Lucy Westlake looked inclined to rebel. But, although Mrs. Boldero might be a trying woman to live with in many respects, Lucy had a comfortable home with sufficient salary to enable her to help her own people. Caution prevailing, she set forth half-an-hour later with tingling cheeks and reluctant steps. Lucy was twenty-two, fair-haired and pretty; a sensitive plant forced by circumstances into a stony garden. A wide-brimmed hat shaded her face from the sun, the basket hung on her left arm as she timorously drew near to the terrace of small houses where Mr. Roper lodged.

Lucy's voice trembled as a short, stout, red-faced woman opened the street-door.

"May I speak to Mr. Roper?" she asked, and, turning her back, the woman of the house shouted his name at the foot of the narrow staircase. He came down a few moments later in the act of buttoning his shrunken, faded coat, too courteous to betray surprise, too hungry to refrain from sniffing slightly as the savour of the steak-pudding tickled his nostrils.

"You wished to see me?" he inquired, with a bow.

"Ye—es, if you please," said Lucy, glancing from the basket to Mr. Roper's face, and scarcely knowing how to explain her errand.

"A remarkably fine day!" cried Mr. Roper, with a cough.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Boldero saw you pass our window," Lucy faltered.

"I have not the—er—pleasure of Mrs. Boldero's acquaintance, I believe."

"Still," said Lucy, becoming more nervous every instant, "she knows you very well by sight."

Mr. Roper straightened his back; he had been somewhat of a buck in his day—Major in a Line regiment, retired on half-pay some years ago. His only son had come to a melancholy end, and, having

left numerous debts of honour undischarged, Major Roper had felt it incumbent to take them on himself. In order to raise immediately the necessary sum of money, he had sequestered the bulk of his pension, retaining, in fact, sufficient only to support the barest existence. He had then retired to this sedate country-town, dropping the "Major" rather than bring, as he conceived, discredit on his profession. Another year and the debt would be wiped out; then, Major Roper told himself, he would once again be able to hold up his head.

"Mrs. Boldero presents her compliments," said Lucy, drawing on her invention, "and she—she has sent you th—this."

"And what is 'this'?" he demanded, fixing his single eye-glass, and leaning forward to peer into the uncovered basket.

"A—rump-steak pudding."

He stood glaring at Lucy's rosy face while he ferociously twirled his moustache.

"I am Major Roper!" he said.

"Mrs. Boldero thought——"

"She evidently thought that she could insult me with impunity."

"I—I am very sorry," faltered Lucy.

His annoyance was the greater, if possible, on observing that the pudding was not even whole, yet, incongruously enough, the sight of it tickled his palate. Formerly a man of extravagant habits, economy had never become easy to him, and, although he made a practice of counting out his money into small sums, and wrapping these in separate scraps of paper, so that he might, at the worst, retain sufficient for rent and food until his next pension became due, he would abstract sixpence from one packet, a shilling from another, thus leaving the last weeks barely provided for. In a manner he was still a gourmand. Every Saturday, after paying his small rent, he would purchase sixpenny-worth of jam-tarts, patronising a shop where seven were sold for sixpence and thus ensuring one for each day in the week. To-day his meal had begun and ended with a tart, whereas Mrs. Boldero employed an excellent cook. Still, Major Roper found his appetite easier to control than his pride, which had never been more aggressive than now, when he looked forward shortly to leave Borrowfield and to live again within reach of a London Club.

"You will kindly present my compliments to Mrs.—er——"

"Boldero," faltered Lucy.

"To Mrs. Boldero, and tell her that I am very much—very much obliged——"

"She will be rather hurt," said Lucy.

"And I," said Major Roper, "am rather hurt."

"I do wish you would let me leave it!" cried Lucy, holding out her arm with the basket in her left hand close to his face.

"I have told you I am Major Roper!" he answered, stepping backwards.

"Mrs. Boldero will be immensely angry," murmured Lucy, gazing from the basket into his face.

"Angry—with you, do you mean?"

"I am afraid she will," said Lucy, with a deprecatory smile.

Major Roper began to cough.

"You will kindly present my compliments to Mrs.—er—Boldero, and say that I am greatly obliged, and accept her—her gift in the spirit in which, no doubt, it is offered."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Lucy, and, with an air of extreme relief, she saw Major Roper take the basket.

"You will wait a moment for the—for the basin?" he suggested, as she would have turned away.

"I can come to-morrow——"

"There is no necessity to give you that trouble," he insisted, "if you will pardon my closing the door." He did not wish her to follow his movements, so, leaving Lucy standing on the top step and the street-door ajar, the Major held the basket gingerly as he walked along the passage to another door which led to a back-yard.

There he removed the basin from the basket, standing this on the red tiles while he gazed with mingled sensations at the top of the half-cold but still savoury pudding. Never since his boyhood had he felt such temptation at the sight of anything to eat. Holding the basin now at arm's-length, he stepped towards the dust-bin, and therein emptied the enticing contents. A few feet to the right was a tap, and, stooping in front of it, Major Roper turned the water into the basin, which he afterwards dried upon a duster that hung from a nail in the wall. Having replaced the empty basin, he carried the basket into the house and opened the street-door.

"A thousand apologies for keeping you," he said, offering the basket to Lucy, whose face looked quite cheerful again.

"I hope you will enjoy the pudding, Major!" she cried, with a laugh which made him feel almost young again; besides, he had not been so addressed for many a day.

"You will kindly tell Mrs.—er—Mrs. Boldero it is one of my favourite dishes," he answered, with a bow, and Lucy nodded brightly as she walked away with the basket.

THE END.



HE : Do you understand this Tariff question ?

SHE : Well, no, but I'm awfully keen on Protection.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

*"There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Could trace it midst familiar things,
And through their lowly guise."—MRS. HEMANS.*

MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.



The duel was forced on Crosby French, in a manner of speaking, for, although none ever doubted his courage, he was a non-fighting man,

and that was because his father had killed his own brother in a duel and was an unhappy man till the day he died. Many people were against duelling at this time. Men had found that they had better use for a friend than to kill him because of some punctilio or to be killed by him. So Crosby French was not single in his opinion.

The man with whom he fought, Claudius Gregg, was a fire-eater—by profession, at least, for, although he swaggered a good deal, there was not a duel to his account in which his adversary had been able to shoot straight. He was a good shot himself, but many people said that he had forced his quarrels only on those who were likely to be killed by him and not to kill him. He had killed a good many gay and pleasant fellows on very little provocation. It had been whispered against him that he had not always shot fair. Anyhow, in these latter days decent people avoided him. There were other things against him as well as the duelling which made him unfit for decent company. Yet he had the presumption to lift his eyes to Mary L'Estrange, and the wickedness to win her consent to marry him by a trick and a slander against the dead.

Any man of sense could have sifted the story and found it false; but Harvey L'Estrange's widow was a gentle, easily terrified woman. Claudius Gregg's promises to bestow much money on her if she forwarded his marriage with her daughter were received with scornful amazement. It was another matter when he produced the document which made Harvey L'Estrange, in his grave, a liar, a cheat, and a deceiver of women.

So, in terror of his publishing the story to the world, the widow urged the marriage on the girl yet in her teens, guileless as a lamb, lovely as an angel, gentle, and innocently gay, and charming in her whole disposition. And the girl consented, to save her dead father's honour and her mother's heart from breaking.

But, indeed, she looked like an Andromeda when Crosby French first beheld her. And, when his eyes met her eyes, it seemed to him that the soul behind them cried out dumbly to him for deliverance.

He was a handsome youth in his powder and coat of peach-blossom velvet, with eyes bright as the sword that hung by his side, and a gallant and high-hearted air.

There was nothing sophisticated in him as there was in the town gallants, since he was newly come to town. And it must be confessed that, seeing Mary L'Estrange sitting opposite him, with her purple-faced, elderly lover by her side, at the supper-table on the occasion of a Rotunda ball, he stared more than good manners warranted.

The first passion that possessed him was not so much love as pity, or, perhaps, it was Love that wore Pity's face. Anyhow, at the sight of her, in her gown of white and silver, as piteous as a bird in the snow, he stared, feeling all the time as though his heart were being drawn out of him by her appealing eyes.

Nor was he aware at all of Claudius Gregg in his mulberry velvet suit, his cheeks darker than usual because of anger, his little eyes malignant, his upper lip drawn up over his yellow teeth.

Those who were aware of what was passing looked on at the scene as though it had been a stage-play. There was a pause of a second or two while Crosby French, like a man in a dream, stared, and the girl turned as rosy as she had been pale under that steadfast regard.

Then Claudius Gregg stood up and flung the glass from which he was drinking, wine and all, in the young fellow's face.

There was a commotion, and in the midst of it Claudius Gregg and the lady disappeared.

A doctor was sent for to see to Crosby French's injuries, which seemed serious enough. The glass had smashed on his face,

cutting and almost blinding him. For the time he was in agony and could think of nothing.

Some benevolent person fetched a coach, and, after his eyes had been dressed and bandaged, he was driven to his lodgings. There was someone in the coach with him whom at first he took to be the doctor. When they had reached the lodgings, this person assisted him to alight, with great kindness, and led him up the stairs to his room. Then, having pushed him into an easy-chair, his companion proceeded to stir the fire noisily and to find the wine and the glasses.

"You don't know me," he said, "but someone told me who you were. I am Tom D'Arcy of Grange, from your own county. I would not have you left without a friend to see you through the affair with Claudius Gregg."

"You are very kind," said the other. "But, for the matter of that, I shall not fight. I have reasons against it."

"You don't know the manner of man Claudius is," said Tom D'Arcy, "or you would esteem it a privilege to have a chance of putting an end to his career. I have insulted him many a time, but he will not be insulted by me. I have an old grudge against him. He killed a friend of mine in a duel, one who would not hurt a fly, who was loved by men and women. Besides, there is Harvey L'Estrange's daughter, who is going to marry him, and looks like a lamb when it sees the butcher's knife. He has cheated her out of her promise, somehow, although I do not know how. The man who would put a bullet through Claudius would save that lady."

He looked keenly at the young face with its bandaged eyes, and saw the sudden colour surge in the cheeks.

"I would do much to save the lady," said Crosby French; "but as for fighting, why I promised my father I never would fight."

"Then I shall fight in your place," said Tom D'Arcy.

"And if he kill you, your blood will be on my head."

"He will kill me or I shall kill him. If I kill him, the lady will be free."

"It would be impossible that I should let you fight in my place," said Crosby French, leaning forward with his hands on his knees.

"Then you will fight?" Tom D'Arcy's eyes were eager. "I swear that if you do not I will. It is time the world were quit of him. I think the man who would deliver Harvey L'Estrange's daughter from him might ask anything he would of her."

The blood pulsed in the cheeks below the bandages, and Crosby French said something under his breath of his promise to his father.

The next morning, while the two were at breakfast, for Tom D'Arcy had put up at his new friend's lodgings, there came a messenger from Claudius Gregg, an elderly, dishonoured buck like himself, to say that Mr. Gregg claimed immediate satisfaction for the public affront that had been put upon him.

"It is the old story of the wolf and the lamb," said Crosby French, smiling. "Would he have me stand up to him blind?"

"My principal is ready to convenience the gentleman in every way," returned the other. "But, seeing that his wounded honour cries out for assuagement, he is impatient of waiting for what must be a slow recovery. Therefore he proposes a duel in the dark."

In the pause that followed Tom D'Arcy gasped audibly.

"A duel in the dark," went on the other, staring at him with a greater deliberation. "Since the gentleman has forced the challenge on my principal, he is ready to meet him, with pistols, the place to be wherever you wish, the duel to be conducted across a table in the dark."

"Why, he grows bloodier than ever!" said Tom D'Arcy, with nonchalance.

"He takes the chances as well as the other gentleman."

"I name the Oak Room at the Clubhouse," said Tom D'Arcy. "It is so great that we need not fear to spoil the excellent carved panelling, and it is so retired that we need not fear to be disturbed. The Watch has lately shown too great an interest in these affairs between gentlemen."

"The time?"

"Why, one time is as good as another, since the duel is to be fought in the dark. Supposing we say to-night at the stroke of twelve?"

"My principal will be agreeable."

The messenger bowed himself out, and Tom D'Arcy returned to his breakfast as though nothing had happened.

"He means to kill you for certain," he said. "As for the reason of this animosity, I am inclined to believe that he saw something in the eyes of Harvey L'Estrange's daughter which drove him mad with jealousy. Of late he has not been so anxious for a meeting as he once was. They say his hand grows unsteady. To be sure, you could swim the packet-boat in the wine he has drunk. He means to kill you. The only question is if he will fight fair. I do not know what he means the dark to cover, but in fair fight you should have the advantage. He is gross—wide as a haystack, and he breathes like a porpoise. You are not provided with pistols, I take it?"

"I never thought to have use for them unless it might be to protect myself against Freney the highwayman."

"Mine are at your service."

"I thank you, sir. And now, since we are to be friends—indeed, I am grateful for the kindness that will not let me stand alone—I may tell you that, unless Mr. Gregg kills me, I mean to marry the lady."

"You do?"

"I certainly mean it. And a condition of my fighting is that if I fall you are to save her from Claudius Gregg."

Tom D'Arcy stared; then suddenly he wrung the other's hand.

"I accept," he said. "I have no desire for a wife, although Grange cries out for a mistress and my old father for a grandson. If you fall, I will marry Mary L'Estrange, although I have to kill Claudius Gregg to do it. If you survive, I will do all in my power to help you to win the lady."

Again their hands met and held together for an instant.

It was a dull day of November, and the hours went very slowly for Tom D'Arcy. There was not much pleasure in displaying the pistols to a man who had no eyes to see them and handled them as though he had no love for them. While the shades grew longer on the dreary walls of the lodging, he thought often of the lit Clubhouse, the stories that were being told, the wit that was flashing like a rapier, the latest report from the Houses of Parliament over the way, where the orators met in a battle of words more furious than cold iron. But he bore the deprivation for friendship's sake. He even pushed away the wine from him, for he had a feeling that there might be treachery in this duel in the dark, and he must be prepared for it and ready to frustrate it.

At a quarter before midnight the coach was at the door, with the physician whom Tom D'Arcy had bidden to be in attendance. It was a November night, and as they drove through the streets they were in danger twenty times of being overturned, for the dim oil-lamps gave them little light by which to see the open sewers or the places where the pavement had sunken in great holes.

They passed through the lit hall of the Clubhouse unobserved. There was a great ball that night at the Rotunda, and those gentlemen who were not there were at the gaming-tables.

In the Oak Room they found Claudius Gregg and his friend awaiting them. Having divested themselves of their cloaks, the seconds spun a coin for the right of first fire. It fell to Claudius Gregg.

The two men were then set facing each other, with a long table between, and the pistols in their hands.

"He has the first shot," whispered Tom D'Arcy in French's ear, "and, my poor fellow, I'm afraid you're done for. The utmost we can hope for is that the bullet may not find a vital spot. If he does not kill you, aim straight and aim low, and you will kill him. Indeed, you can scarcely miss him, he is such a monster of a man. If you should miss him, he will surely kill you with the second shot. But in that case I will carry off the lady, and, maybe, kill him in your place."

Someone went round and extinguished the candles. As the last one went out, the darkness in the room was so great that it could be felt. Even the windows did not reveal themselves as of a lighter darkness to eyes lately used to the candles. For a second there was a pause, in which there was not a sound except the apoplectic breathing of Claudius Gregg.

"If he does not bring my man down at the first shot," said Tom D'Arcy to himself, with sudden hopefulness, "he will never fire another. Even a tyro could not miss that mountain of snorts. He is plainer than by daylight."

The word of command was given and Claudius Gregg fired. The slightest sound from the other end of the table followed the shot, but there was no sound of a body falling.

Then Crosby French fired. There was a groan, and a sound of something beating itself against the floor. Tom D'Arcy opened the door and a waiter entered with candles. Crosby French was staring in stupefaction at the smoking pistol in his hand, and very pale because Claudius Gregg's shot had hit him in the right shoulder.

"I fired below the table," said he.

"Ah, and our friend, Mr. Gregg, was under the table," said Tom D'Arcy, calmly. "That was what he meant by the duel in the dark. Let us be going. His friend and the doctor will see to him. I take it that, even if he can ever fire another shot, Mr. Claudius Gregg's honour is satisfied."

The other second was pouring out assurances, with a redder face than usual, that he was not privy to his principal's design, while the waiter and the physician were somewhere under the table, trying to ascertain the nature of Claudius Gregg's injuries. Nor, until the physician had declared that, after all, it was but a flesh-wound did the colour come back to Crosby French's face. Then he consented at last to return to his lodgings with Tom D'Arcy.

A few days later, while Tom D'Arcy was still on the horns of a dilemma regarding Claudius Gregg—for if he were to recover how was the lady to be saved from him, and, on the other hand, how could any man of honour meet him after the trick he had played Crosby French?—the strange and unexpected happened.

For, with Claudius Gregg's much blood-letting, the bully and braggart had gone out of him, and the timid man, which, perhaps, was always there, had come to the front. He would not believe the physicians but that he was dying, and, in the belief, he sent for Harvey L'Estrange's widow and made a confession to her of the falsity of the menace with which he had terrified her daughter into consenting to marry him, and herself into espousing his cause. And the confession he put into a document and signed it before witnesses. He also sent for Crosby French and asked his forgiveness for the treachery he had intended towards him. In fact, such a conversion was never seen, for, believing himself in imminent danger of death, he set about righting as much of the wrong he had committed during his life as was now possible—all in a tremendous hurry, afraid Death would catch him up. But when at last there was nothing more to be done, the wound began to heal: the blood-letting, said the doctors, had been of the greatest possible service to him, and had probably given him many years of life.

However, long before he was about again, and actually become a Methodist since he had heard Mr. Wesley preach, Crosby French had married Mary L'Estrange.

No one could have recognised in the radiant bride the shrinking and terrified girl whom Crosby French, nevertheless, had loved at first sight. And she him, for, as she said afterwards, when she first laid her eyes upon him she had a revelation that this youth was to be her deliverer.

Indeed, there was not a handsomer couple in all Ireland than these two made on their wedding-day; she in her gown of white poplin sprinkled with silver shamrocks, and her veil of lace caught in with diamond trefails; he in his watered-silk suit, also of white and silver, with red heels to his shoes, wearing his hair unpowdered in the new fashion. The Viceroy himself came to their wedding; but all that you shall read in the memoirs of the day.

Crosby French never fought another duel, although that ended so well. And the oddest thing of all was that when, some years later, Claudius Gregg died in the odour of sanctity, he left all the fortune that he still possessed, after making restitutions and giving much to the poor and to build a Wesleyan Chapel, to Crosby French, because he had been, under Heaven, the instrument of his conversion.

L'ABSINTHE.

By WALTER STANFORD.

The sugar drips. See how the liquid green
Becomes a yellow, sickly-looking mess . . .
I fill the glass and drink the reeking slush
That brings forgetfulness.

Forgetfulness of all a life misspent,
The thing I am, the man I might have been;
Forgetfulness of what the end must be,
And what must lie between;

Forgetfulness of what still stings me most,
The love I played with till it broke its thrall:
Past, present, future . . . Here's the stuff that brings
Nepenthe from them all.

"Garçon, another! That's it—half-way up . . .
You are the Great High Priest, man, don't you see,
And this the temple where a sodden soul
Worships its Deity?"



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. R. C. CARTON, who, like Mr. Pinero, his colleague of the early Lyceum days under Sir Henry Irving, spends from one to two years in the elaboration of a play, will add his welcome note to the season's gaiety by the production of his new comedy, probably at the Duke of York's, before many weeks are over, though the exact date is not settled. The part which Miss Compton (Mrs. Carton) will play is said to be the finest Mr. Carton has ever written for her. That is going far and, in itself, opens out a vista of enjoyment for the playgoer, since no one can give more point to Mr. Carton's lines than Mrs. Carton, whose natural method has hardly, even now, received adequate recognition. While Mr. Dion Boucicault will be in the cast, Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Irene Vanbrugh will both be conspicuous absentees, there being no parts suitable for their particular talents.

The way in which dramatists advance, as it were, to the centre and then retire gracefully into the background, is by no means one of the least interesting of the phases of the life theatrical which we watch in the green-room and behind the scenes. It is, apparently, the turn of Mr. Louis N. Parker to dominate the foreground at the West-End, for Terry's Theatre will once again welcome the work of his facile pen, while later on there will come his collaboration with Mr. W. W. Jacobs, of which mention has already been made in *The Sketch*, and there are other things rather more remote which may not at present be set down in black on white.

Mr. H. V. Esmond, who refused to play Iago to Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Othello, because he had practically determined to leave the stage as an actor, has, happily, reconsidered his determination and will appear in "The House of Burnside" at Terry's Theatre with Mr. Edward Terry. It was at that house and with that actor-manager Mr. Esmond made one of his earliest and great successes in Mr. Pinero's comedy, "The Times." It is an interesting fact that, as one of the many author-actors on the stage, Mr. Esmond has played for more of his brother-authors than any other dramatist, for he has acted for Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Carton, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. L. N. Parker, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Edward Rose, and Mr. Potter and Mr. William Shakspeare, to say nothing of Mr. H. V. Esmond.

The statement that Mrs. Cecil Raleigh has been engaged as Sir Henry Irving's leading lady is quite incorrect, in spite of the persistence with which some paragraphs insist on the statement. The real fact is that Mrs. Raleigh is to play Queen Eleanor in Sir Henry's long-promised revival of "Becket." She will thus take the place of Miss Geneviève Ward, who alone has hitherto been associated with the performance of that part. A cablegram from Sir Henry inquired if Mrs. Raleigh was free; a cablegram from Mrs. Raleigh saying she was and a cablegram from Sir Henry engaging her concluded the matter. But Mrs. Raleigh is not Sir Henry Irving's leading lady, and the only part which, so far, it has been arranged she will play is the one mentioned.

This page is not a necrology, yet Death has claimed its toll of space at too frequent intervals of late, and the thousandth performance of "A Chinese Honeymoon," which took place on Friday last, gives to the death of Mr. Ernest Boyd-Jones additional poignancy. In the green-room more superstitions may be heard in a day than outside it in a week, and many have been the comments on the fact that during the run of that seemingly everlasting musical comedy Mr. Boyd-Jones was heard to declare that he did not think "he would live to see the thousandth performance." When he played up to the nine hundred and eight-eighth night, it seemed as if even his prognostications of ill were certain to be laughed away; yet suddenly he was seized with pleurisy, which developed into pneumonia and cut short his life at the early age of thirty-four, to the great regret of his comrades and all who knew him.

The production of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" at the Court Theatre has already begun to be a source of those reminiscences which make the office of the theatrical gossip a subject of execration with the reader. The play is interesting

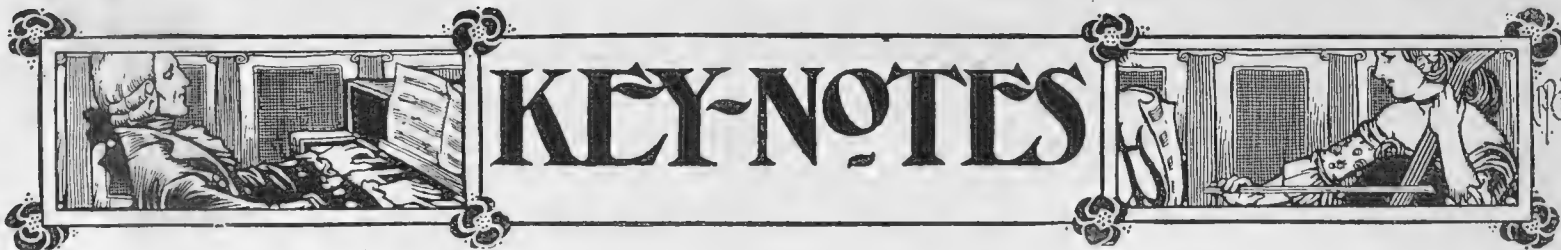
in that it was the first performance given by the band of actors who called themselves "The Dramatic Students," a few of whom hoped by their enthusiasm to conquer the Anglo-Saxon apathy in regard to matters artistic and develop an enthusiasm of Art for Art's sake among the younger generation of players. It was the planting of seed which has sprouted, if not blossomed, in the Independent and Stage Societies.

Of the Dramatic Students' cast of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," it is worth noting that Mr. Hayden Coffin, who sang the song "Who is Sylvia?" is still *facile princeps* on the musical-comedy stage, while Mr. Charles Fulton, the Proteus, has won a conspicuous place among the actors of the moment. Mr. Bernard Gould, the Valentine, is, as Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. *Punch's* second cartoonist, while Mr. Mark Ambient, the Thurio, has won recognition as a dramatist; and to Mr. G. R. Foss, who produced the play, scores of actors of the younger generation owe a debt of gratitude for knowledge which has enabled them to take their present places at the West-End, and the Oxford University Dramatic Society always gets him to produce its annual Shakspeare play.



MISS VIOLA TREE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. BEERBOHM TREE, WHO MADE HER THEATRICAL DÉBUT AT EDINBURGH ON MARCH 10 AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

Photograph by Baron de Meyer.



THE most notable event in the musical world of recent days—and when I say “the musical world,” I mean not only the English portion of it, but also the Continental—has been that which has unanimously been described as the “Elgar Festival.” That there should be an Elgar Festival, to begin with, is an amazing contribution to a single man’s powers, especially when we recollect that he is a man who identifies himself at every point with a feeling for English musical life and English musical progress. How many times we have in England humiliated our own artists and exalted lesser men of other countries into high position it would require a very long musical memory to discover. Their name is legion; but in this case we may be quite whole-hearted, and rejoice that, at last, honour has been done where honour is due.

Of course, Arthur Sullivan was admired, appreciated, and honoured in a thousand ways, both in the highest and in the least exalted quarters of our social life; but even he never received so complete a national recognition as that which has just been given at the Royal Opera House to Elgar—a recognition which depended largely upon the patronage of the Royal Family, but even to a greater extent upon the enthusiasm and splendid loyalty of our musical middle-class, which will at all times do anything towards the furtherance of the cause of English music. For this reason we have a right, I think, for once to be musically proud of ourselves; and I say “musically proud of ourselves” because, although in the years after a man’s death a nation may come to be very proud of the composer who has given them honour, at the same time the choice spirits of that nation have often had to endure many of the miseries and even the poverty of existence. Dr. Elgar (and one feels in the writing that anybody who in any future years will read his name thus will smile at the mention of the phrase as one might now smile at the mention of Dr. Mozart or Dr. Wagner) is at last exalted to the level, in his own lifetime, of an English composer to whom honour has been done by the King and Queen of his country, and, by universal suffrage, has attained an unique position which nothing can take away from him.

To come now to the actual facts of the performances. First of all, we had “The Dream of Gerontius,” that well-known setting of Cardinal Newman’s celebrated poem. I quite agree with those critics concerning that poem who suggest that the verse is practically a long continuation of chopped-up prose. Nevertheless, there is no question about the fact that Newman, in whatever metrical form he chose to set his thoughts, has here realised to their finality his ideas on life and death, and that Elgar has entered into the very heart of the great Cardinal’s meaning. Those who are conversant with the prose work of Newman will remember that dreadful paragraph, a paragraph which to my mind should never have been published, describing the fact that, “whilst the soul fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and with those companions whom it has chosen, the man’s name, perhaps, is solemnly chanted forth and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth.” Elgar has a perfect right to make music for such an intense feeling about the future; but it is impossible to think that he could have composed without a shudder the Demon Chorus which practically is a poetical version of the further extraordinary sentence, which does not occur in “The Dream,” but which is to be found in one of Newman’s sermons: “And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty Demon which has hold of it, and whose very touch is torment.” Elgar, however, is so gentle a spirit that he brings us forth from these

horrible suggestions right into the spiritual world where one hears nothing but the spirit of such harmonies as Gluck himself composed for the chorus of the Celestial Spirits in “Orfeo.”

As to the performance, Mr. John Coates proved once more, and I speak from my experience of provincial performances, an exceptionally admirable exponent of the part of Gerontius. He has thoroughly entered into the sentiment of the score, and I have every reason to believe that Dr. Elgar himself considers him to be, as near as can be reached, a Gerontius equal to his own mental ideal. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies was, as usual, religiously solemn in the part of the Priest; Madame Kirkby Lunn was excellent; and the general performance, from both the orchestral and choral point of view, left very little indeed to be desired, although, of course, the surroundings were somewhat strange for work of this kind.

The *clou* of the Festival was left till the end, when the Italian Symphony—which, by the way, is entitled “In the South”—received its first performance. It is scarcely possible to think that there can be two opinions about such a work as this, which brings to the hearing so

extraordinary and so fresh a feeling right from the plains and the hills of Italy. Mrs. Meynell once made an observation which should become classical in the world of literature: “A white Mediterranean is the flower of the breathless midsummer”; and Elgar has discovered that reticence of Italy which, as this phrase implies, should become for ever memorable among those who at present visit the South of Europe simply for the sake of the obvious things, the obvious tales, which are brought back and told again by the common tourist. Elgar sees Italy with a spiritual eye. Not only does he realise the slenderness, the darkness, the shadows of that



DR. ELGAR AT PLAY.



DR. ELGAR AT WORK.

THE “ELGAR FESTIVAL” AT COVENT GARDEN.

land’s eternal meaning, but he also knows how that soil was the home of such a race as that of the Romans who stormed their way, armour-clad, through the fastnesses of Germany and Gaul. Thus it is that, by an intellectual sentiment, Elgar, with his extraordinary musical equipment, is able to fulfil, with a perfect sense of the technique of music, the greatness of a Symphony based upon the meaning and the depth of Italy.

This column has been entirely devoted to the Elgar Festival simply because it has overshadowed the whole of the London musical world during the past few days. The first performance in London of “The Apostles” has naturally created a huge sensation; this was to be expected, for it remains so much in advance of Elgar’s former art that it must, of course, provoke controversy. There is, perhaps, some reason for a certain opposition, just as there was reason for the complaint of those who considered “Die Meistersinger” a retrogression from the days of “Tannhäuser.” But one is convinced that the last verdict of the world will be the same as that passed upon John Sebastian Bach, that inexorably great musician, to whom every day of his advance in the technique of music meant a path of progress in that clear and shining inspiration which dictated the pages of those scores which he was content to leave hidden in the organ-lofts of Leipzig. Perhaps this is to wander something from the point; but the purpose is to prove, against all immediate saying to the contrary—and I speak from a certain small knowledge, inasmuch as I have already heard the work in the provinces—that “The Apostles” shows Elgar still upon his way of progress, even as his Italian Symphony shows how ready he is to assimilate new feelings, new thoughts, new ideas, new emotions, and, therefore, to preserve that eternal youth which will never confess itself beaten by the age of the world.

COMMON CHORD.



The New Committee—Trials in Manxland—Search-lights—Non-slipper.

THE reform party in the Automobile Club have got their way, for at the General Meeting of the Club, held lately at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, their ticket came home with a bang. Only one of their candidates failed to secure a sufficient number of votes to qualify him for membership of the unwieldy Committee of fifty. It now remains to be seen just what this new hot-and-hot body will do and how they will improve upon the work of their predecessors. So far as the actual discharge of duties is concerned, these, of course, remain with Mr. Julian Orde, the Secretary-in-Chief, and Mr. Basil Joy, the Technical Secretary, who, of course, can be relied upon to maintain the continuity of the work in hand. A feature of the present Committee is the large addition of Members of Parliament, particularly that of Mr. W. J. Bull, who is Private Secretary to Mr. Walter Long, the President of the Local Government Board, with whose pronouncements the fortunes of automobilism are so largely related. Recalling the tension which existed between the late Club Committee and the Parliamentary champions of automobilism before and after the passing of the present Bill, the above-mentioned addition of Parliamentary strength is, on the whole, to be welcomed, although Members of Parliament who do their duty by their constituents and the House of Commons have little time for Club Committee work.

Unless refusal and rebuff come from an unexpected quarter, it is now certain that the Eliminating Trials in the selection of the British Gordon Bennett champions will be held in the Isle of Man. On Tuesday, the 15th inst., a Bill passed both the Douglas Legislative Council and the House of Keys, so that the permissive measure, after receiving Royal assent, only requires to be proclaimed at dawn from the summit of Tynwald Hill to become law. So far as it is possible to form an opinion from photographs, the course is likely to prove a severe one, calculated, indeed, to test the competing cars to the uttermost. Great care will have to be taken in flagging the numerous bad corners and turns, and in safeguarding the route throughout, which in places runs between steep banks below the level of the surrounding country, like a Devonshire lane. It would be well if the tests were arranged to be run altogether on the watch, and steps taken to avoid the necessity of the flying cars passing each other *en route*. The idea of the trials is most enthusiastically welcomed in the island,

and it seems likely that the event will attract more attention to Manxland from the world at large than ever before.

The Local Government Board have prohibited the use of search-lights, by which I take the Board to mean acetylene *phares* fitted with dioptric lenses and mounted on a pivot on the dashboard, so that the fierce beams of light can be directed up and down and round about at will. This is the only meaning I can divine for the term "search-light," and, unless Mr. Walter Long happens to have met a car so provided in a dark country-lane what time the light was being wagged aimlessly about by a diner home-returning, I cannot imagine the reason for the prohibition. In the first place, there are not more than a dozen cars in the kingdom fitted with this swinging light, and when in use for giving light on the road the car-driver never dreams of wobbling it about. Such a proceeding would be infinitely more dangerous to him than to the horsed traffic he is likely to meet. The light is pivotted chiefly with the idea of examining sign-posts and showing a light down side-roads to determine the route, rather than dismounting from the car and detaching a lamp for the purpose. Then, again, the warning and caution against the use of bright and dazzling light is made without consideration for the exigencies of night-travel per automobile. The ordinary paraffin-lamps do not give sufficient illumination, and it is for the safety of the public as well as for the automobilist that lamps capable of throwing beams of clear light far ahead should be employed.

Next month, after a thousand miles have been covered, the devices which have been submitted to the Automobile Club as preventatives of non-slipping will be tested on a prepared surface at the fine new works of Clement Talbot, Limited, in Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill. But, pending the settlement by the Club experts as to which is and which is not the perfect non-slipper, I would suggest to my readers who are on the look-out for something that will save them from the whirl of the mazy waltz in the middle of Piccadilly that they should fit the Dunlop non-slipping covers to their back-wheels. The effect of the segmental cross-cuts on these covers is really remarkable, and, though I cannot say they will not slip at all, the amount under the worst circumstances is exceedingly small.



[Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.]

MR. FRANK ALLEN, OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME, ON HIS TWELVE HORSE-POWER EAGLE CAR.
THE "PASSENGERS" ARE MR. FRANK PARKER, STAGE-MANAGER OF THE HIPPODROME, AND MR. ALLEN'S DAUGHTERS.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Liverpool—Jockeys to Follow—"S. P." Coups—Non-starters—Top-hats.

THERE should be a great gathering at Liverpool, but the racing will not be above the average in the matter of quality, although the Grand National will be a big dish. Many of the candidates will never get the course, while those who find something to beat the old stagers will be lucky indeed. I think Benvenir will as nearly as



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT PUTNEY.

(SEE "THE MERE MAN.")

possible win, while, as before, I shall go for Detail and Manifesto for places. The last-named will be ridden by Piggott, *vice* Williamson, and it may be that the old horse will not give his best running for a new jockey. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that Piggott, who is a son-in-law of Tom Cannon, is one of our very best cross-country riders, and he has for years ridden Manifesto at exercise. Benvenir is the great street-corner tip for the race. He will be ridden by P. Woodhouse, one of the prettiest and safest riders we have. The country to be crossed is a stiff one, but I do hope the race will finish without any serious accident. The Liverpool Spring Cup, to be run on Saturday, should provoke plenty of speculation. I think the race will be won by General Cronje.

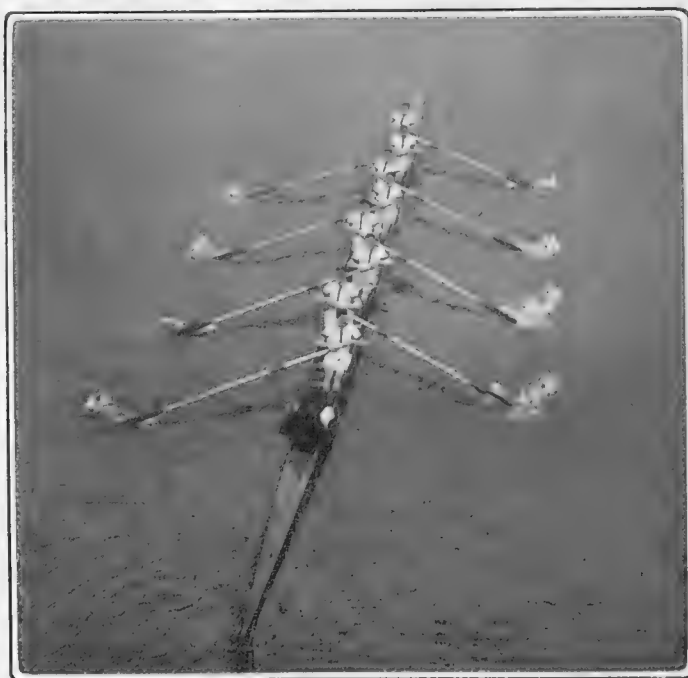
With the beginning of the flat-racing season, it is usual to select jockeys to be followed during the opening months. O. Madden and W. Lane are certain to be in great request with owners of good horses, and both riders should pay for following. Halsey, too, should ride some good winners. He is a sound judge and does not lose his head in a tight finish. I think Trigg will ride lots of winners—he is so good at getting away from the starting-tape. Jarvis, who loses the apprentice allowance at the end of this week, should, despite this drawback, get plenty of riding. He is a smart, intelligent lad, a cut above the ordinary apprentice. Of the boys entitled to the allowance, East, Hunter, and McIntyre are likely to be in chief demand. The first-named is a quiet, respectable boy, who has been well schooled in the art of race-riding, a remark that applies with equal force to both Hunter and McIntyre. I do hope, by-the-bye, that the Jockey Club will pass a law under which the "allowance" apprentices should benefit by the huge riding-fees obtained by their employers. A certain sum should be banked to their credit for every winning mount.

It is in contemplation to defeat the playful little tricks of those gentlemen who engineer starting-price coups to the discomfiture of stay-at-home bookmakers. As I have many times before shown, the layers have themselves to blame for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. They could remedy matters by declining to take more than a stated sum about any horse within an hour of the time set for the starting of the race. It is monstrous and thoroughly opposed to the interests of racing as a sport in this country that some owners should be able to obtain 20 to 1 about

horses that ought to start at 6 to 4 on. Of course, it would be well-nigh impossible to average up the prices on the day after the race, otherwise I wish it could be done by bringing into the bank all the money laid out at the starting-price offices. But the remedy suggested above as to the time of receiving telegrams would, I am sure, meet the case if persevered in, as an hour would be a sufficient length of time to get the money back to the course. Starting-price coups should be put down by the authorities if possible, for the benefit of the public.

A race-programme, like a play-bill, is taken by the public as a sort of guide to the entertainment, but in racing there is additional information as to runners and non-starters to be gleaned from the evening newspapers or from the touts stationed at the various training-stables. In spite of the sources of information available to the public, we often find horses sent to a racecourse return home again without running. There often may be, and probably there is, a sufficient reason for this, but I maintain that, in the event of any horse on the spot not going to the post, a reason should be posted outside the weighing-room door, failing which the Clerk of the Course should be fined. It is seldom, by-the-bye, that a real sporting owner sends a horse to a meeting without running him, but the professional owners often do so, to the disgust of the general public, many of whom have, perhaps, paid a big railway-fare for the purpose of seeing the animal in question perform. We have seen too much of late on the Turf of advertising "stars" that never appear.

Very few people like to wear top-hats on to the racecourse. Captain Piggott is an exception, and, of late, Mr. Lance Logan, a well-known layer, has sported a shiny and very elegant "topper." The ordinary racegoer, however, favours the bowler or the motor-cap in the winter and the Panama or yachting-cap in the summer. Of course, top-hats are imperative at Ascot and at Epsom and Goodwood when the Queen is present, but when His Majesty attends the racecourse alone top-hats are not necessarily worn. I have a suggestion to make, but I am hardly likely to find a seconder. It is that we should all wear silk jockey-caps when the wind is high and the sun is not too strong. They are very warm and comfortable and are extremely light, while the effect on the scene of thousands of caps of different colours would be charming to a degree. I would also suggest that the ladies wear them as well. The dear creatures could be trusted to have them built



THE OXFORD CREW, AS SEEN FROM PUTNEY BRIDGE.

Photograph by Callcott, Teddington.

in pretty shapes and decorated to taste. The caps may not suit some of the bookmakers with big heads, yet they would be a great improvement on much of the headgear to be seen in Tattersall's Ring at the present time.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT dress reflects the trend of politics would be convincingly obvious to anyone behind the scenes of *couturières'* counsels in Paris at the moment. Distinctive Russian fashions are being adapted to the time and temper of Gallic imagination, while Oriental and Occidental combinations are undergoing the grafting

again coming back into favour. So far, only women of quality have patronised these revivals in jewellery, and one hopes *les autres* will leave them severely alone. Cheap jewellery is of all things most offensive to good taste and ridiculous in its pretentiousness, as witness the string of pearls at eighteenpence or thereabouts which ubiquitously obtains in remoter suburbs.

Appos, I have had a letter all the way from Willesden vigorously protesting against my disparagement of imitation jewellery, lace, furs, and other feminine affectations as worn by the class of girls who may be summed up collectively as clerks. My correspondent does not argue the unfitness of working-women dressing in cheap imitation of their "betters," to use old-fashioned, nervous English, but evidently resents any "editing" of their sartorial ambitions, while adding a protest to my admiration of the Parisian Diamond jewellery, inasmuch as it is not "real." Our "Regular Subscriber" here misses the point, however. It is perfection of design and handicraft which has raised the Parisian Company's jewels to their unique position. All the settings of real gold are worked by French lapidaries of admitted skill from designs of mediæval and modern artists. There is nothing meretricious or "cheap" about its productions, and women of the first flight, social and financial, do not hesitate to patronise its productions. The pair of Charles II. ear-rings illustrated on the next page is, for instance, one of the Company's revived designs, and as perfectly mounted as if the stones were veritable De Beers.

Sir William Richmond, in saying that people should dress in a manner suitable to and indicating their positions and calling, sounds a note that rings true in these days of false coinage, and did a paternal Government, borrowing wisdom from Elizabethan by-laws, issue a



[Copyright.]

IN THE FASHIONABLE GREY.

process before being submitted to *les belles Américaines et les Anglaises* in the coming months. Entrancing Paris is never more alluring to the Eternal Feminine than in spring, when all her works and pomps are actively in evidence, when the Bois, with its faint, sweet odour of coming flowers, the familiar acrid smell of burnt wood, and fragrant Mother Earth all in combination, makes again its perennial panorama of gowns, greenery, and opalescent air full of the hidden fires of spring-time.

Very tentatively, on the other hand, do new modes advance into full view over here. There is a general reminiscence of Louis Philippe or Queen Victoria at a certain period in the gathered skirts, the ruched pelerine, the wide lace veil, the drooping hat-brim, even to the sloping shoulders and pendent ear-rings of that time. Beyond a first instalment of "early models," however, no general insight into coming fashions is yet vouchsafed our expectant sex. Though, of course, if these exquisite, lambent spring-days continue with which this grievously aggrieved island has been cheered during the past week spring hats and gowns will rush into being. Already dressmakers are deluged with the orders of optimistic customers. But March is not over yet, and, with deceptive April in the immediate foreground, it may be well to dally with one's chiffons for another few weeks before the unwelcome but unabashed east wind has blown itself out.

Talking of fashions and fancies à la Louis Philippe, even the jewellery of those days is now in active reincarnation, rings being worn now as then of enormous size and in quaint clusters of many-hued jewels. The miniature brooch and pendant are also in active revival and evidencē, while pendent ear-rings, as I mentioned before, are



[Copyright.]

A SMART SPRING DESIGN.

sumptuary code for the different classes of this little island, a distinct gain to the individual as well as the masses would follow. Extravagance would be curtailed, social grades more fitly defined, and the struggle to keep up a false appearance largely limited. Then the suburbs might cease from struggling and the social soarings of side-streets be at rest.

Since Monday last the British public has been largely attracted to

the classic pavement of Tottenham Court Road, or rather, that part of it which lies outside the premises of Messrs. Norman and Stacey, whose windows have furnished forth an object-lesson in beautiful floor-coverings of all sorts. Carpets of many kinds, colours, and sizes are exhibited, from the hand-tufted work of Donegal peasants

to the cunning combinations of Persian and Indian tradition; stately productions of Aubusson or Axminster for the rich, artistic productions from less reputed centres for those of modest income. In all these different carpets, of whatever price, harmonious colouring and uncommonly good design are very apparent, and it is a matter of acknowledged fact that, as specialists in floor-coverings, Norman and Stacey are unrivalled. The very great volume of their business enables them to produce frequent new and exclusive designs of uniformly high quality and absolutely low price, so that, whether one's new carpet costs five pounds or fifty, one is

CHARLES II. EAR-RINGS AT THE
PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

equally sure that it is the best of its kind procurable. This special exhibition of carpets will continue for ten days, and those in search of something original or economical, or merely beautiful, or all three together, may advantageously betake themselves to Norman and Stacey's *locale*, in Tottenham Court Road, during the coming weeks.

That excellent institution, the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, is in want of funds. A concert has been organised at Sutherland House and a bazaar in June for its help and support. And, meanwhile, the benevolent with some superfluous share of this world's goods cannot better apply them than by helping towards reopening the three wards that have been closed through sheer want of money to go on with.

SYBIL.

EASTER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

PARIS AND NORMANDY AT EASTER.

FOR holiday-makers whose fancy turns to Paris or Normandy, the Brighton Railway Company announce that a special fourteen-day excursion through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail Route, will be run from London by the special express day service on Thursday morning, March 31, and by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, March 30 to April 2, to Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris. Special cheap return-tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, March 31 to April 4, available for return on any day up to and including the following Tuesday.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

announce that special excursion-tickets will be issued to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on March 30, April 1 and 2, and by trains leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m., 2.5 and 2.20 p.m., and Victoria at 1.45 p.m., on Thursday, March 31. They will also be issued by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m., each evening from March 30 to April 2 inclusive, via Dover and Calais, returning from Paris at 2.40 p.m. via Boulogne, or 8.40 p.m. via Calais, any day within fourteen days. Cheap return-tickets available for eight days will be issued at Charing Cross from March 30 to April 4 inclusive, available by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services. During the holidays the Continental services will run as usual. Many other excursions will also run, and the home arrangements include cheap return-tickets to all principal stations, particulars of which are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

THE GREAT EASTERN COMPANY.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland Royal British Mail Route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through-carriages and restaurant-cars run in the North and South German express-trains to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Special cheap tickets have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels, for the Field of Waterloo.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce fourteen-day excursions from London (Waterloo), &c., to Paris on March 30, 31, April 1 and 2. For the convenience of passengers from the Midlands and North of England, through bookings to Paris have been arranged with the principal Northern Companies. Cheap tickets will also be issued to Cherbourg on March 31 and April 2; to Havre on March 31, April 1 and 2; and to St. Malo on April 1. Fast excursions will also run from

Waterloo and certain suburban stations to the principal health and holiday resorts on the coasts of Hants, Dorset, Somerset, North and South Devon, North Cornwall, and the Isle of Wight, &c.

EXCURSIONS TO THE NORTH.

The Great Central Railway are offering exceptional facilities to those desirous of spending Easter at places to which their trains run. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations to the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, North of England, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places, Douglas (Isle of Man), Scotland, and Ireland. An A. B. C. Programme, giving the times of starting, fares, dates, and times of return for any station, can be obtained free at Marylebone Station or at any of the Company's Town Offices and Agencies.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, March 28, to Easter Monday inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. The Company also announce cheap excursions on Wednesday, March 30, to Ireland; on Wednesday midnight, March 30, to Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carnforth, Chorley, English Lake District, &c.; on Thursday, March 31, to Aberdovey, Abergavenny, Abergele, Aberystwyth, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, &c., also to Ashbourne, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, &c.; to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and other places in Scotland. Numerous other facilities are offered, full particulars of which may be obtained at any of the Company's stations, &c.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run from London (Woolwich, Arsenal and Dockyard; Greenwich, S.-E. and C.; Victoria, S.-E. and C.; Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross, G. N., &c.) as follows: Thursday, March 31, for five or sixteen days, to Northallerton, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other stations in Scotland; and, for five, six, or nine days, to Cambridge, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Nottingham, Leicester, Derby, and other principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts. Many other excursions will also be run. Tickets, dated in advance, will be issued at King's Cross (G. N. R.), Victoria (S.-E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and suburban stations, and at the various ticket offices.

At a recent *Conversazione* of the Royal Society a great deal of interest was centred in the demonstration of the remarkable powers of the "Quta" Photo Machine, a camera of the Positive Ferrottype class lately put on the market. One of the chief features of this wonderful little instrument is the rapidity with which it works, a picture being taken, developed, fixed, and framed in sixty seconds from the time the sitter takes position in front of the lens, all the operations being performed inside the machine itself.

An echo of the Coronation Durbar is suggested by this artistic cup, made for the 4th Infantry Regiment of the Hyderabad Contingent in commemoration of that historical event. The cup is of solid silver, richly decorated with laurel wreaths and having in the centre a panel bearing the crest of the regiment, while the top is surmounted by a finely modelled figure of a herald. This handsome souvenir was designed and manufactured by the King's Silversmiths, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, W.

Nowadays, when doleful things are prophesied of British trade, it is well to remember that in biscuit-making at least Great Britain stands far ahead of any other country. The name of "Huntley and Palmer," the great Reading firm, for instance, is known throughout the world and everywhere stands for excellence in quality and daintiness itself. One of their latest productions is the "Breakfast" biscuit, which, be it understood, is not intended in any way to compete with the many "Breakfast" foods so widely advertised. On the contrary, Huntley and Palmer's "Breakfast" biscuit is an exceedingly light, crisp, and easily digested food suitable for any meal, and is especially delicious when eaten with butter, cheese, or preserves. Some so-called crisp articles of food are, perhaps, a little trying to the teeth. Not so these biscuits, which, to use a familiar phrase, "melt in the mouth," so that those whose digestive organs require humouring are in this instance on equal terms with those who can "eat anything."



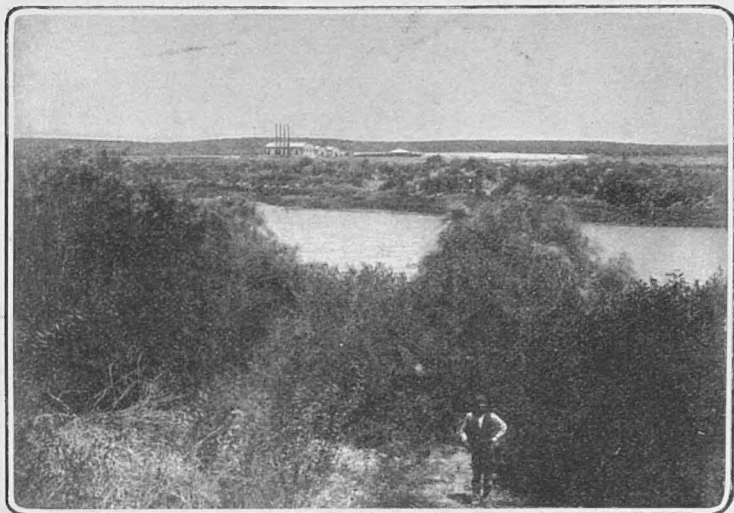
A SOUVENIR OF THE
CORONATION DURBAR.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 26.

IN CAPEL COURT.

THERE is, in general, a more hopeful feeling both within and without the Stock Exchange, and, although most of the dealing during the last few days has been professional, there are signs that, if the South African labour trouble were removed from the arena of politics, even the Kaffir Circus might show a substantial improvement. How little it would take to put everybody into a more cheerful



KIMBERLEY WATERWORKS: VAAL STATION, FROM NORTH-EAST SIDE OF THE VAAL RIVER.

mood we have seen during the last few days, when some bidding for small lots of Consols put the price up a whole point in a very short time; but from so long a depression recovery must be gradual, for the public has been too badly burnt not to dread going near the fire again. One of the most remarkable things about the recent condition of Stock Exchange business is the number of all sorts and conditions of people who have been bitten. Parsons, fashionable West-End ladies, respectable country solicitors, and hosts of others are all in the same boat. We had occasion in the week to suggest to a well-known country solicitor that he should provide some cash to support an enterprise in which we knew both he and his family were interested, and, to our astonishment, the reply was, "I should like to help if I could, but we are all so locked up in Randfonteins that I don't see how we can." We should hardly have expected that the gentleman in question knew how to spell "Randfontein," much less that he (staid old gentleman that he is) would have put his money, hardly earned by laboriously adding up six-and-eightpences, into such a venture. The example we have quoted is merely typical of thousands of others, and all these good people are waiting to get out at the first sign of returning buyers.

HOME RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

Loud as several of the Home Railway Companies have been in their protestations that they will require no more money for a long while, it is difficult to resist the impression that there are a number of fairly heavy issues to come before long. The Caledonian directors took great credit to themselves for postponing certain expenditure this year, but the Company, for all that, is in the market with a 4 per cent. Convertible Preference stock at 105, and the applications have to go in, accompanied by a cheque in full payment of the money, next Monday. Other big Companies are sure to follow suit, and any revival in the market for Ordinary stocks would probably find two or three of them pursuing their old bad policy of selling stock through their brokers in the Stock Exchange, whereby any chance of a real recovery is thrown back. Nothing sensational has characterised the traffics so far, but the return of a little brighter weather fosters the annual hope that Easter may help the receipts appreciably. There is so little to go for in the Home Railway Market in this "in-between time," as it were, that the principal bull point may be said to lie in the hopes of cheaper money.

SOME INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

With the approach of June, the first month in which holders of Metropolitan Water stocks can expect to receive payment for their securities, a fresh amount of quiet buying has set in, and, while the demand is not heavy, it is quite substantial enough to advance prices. The only stock to which any real speculation still attaches is, of course, that of the New River Company. After rising to 430 and falling nearly 100 points from that level within a year, the quotation has now got back to about 380, and, if the Company should win the impending appeal, New River stock may easily be worth 420 again. As regards the other Waterworks varieties, they are mostly below the prices that are likely to be paid by the Water Board, and even now, regarded as short bills, they are worth the attention of buyers.

Our illustrations give some idea of the Kimberley Waterworks properties, which are among the principal of their kind in South Africa. By triumphs of engineering skill, the water is brought from the Vaal River to the reservoirs at Kimberley, and, by way of illustrating the difficulties that beset the pioneers of the undertaking, it may be mentioned that coal had to be bought, in the early days, at prices ranging from £25 to £28 sterling per ton!

Gas stocks are also exhibiting a better tendency upon a little investment demand, but Industrials, on the whole, have slipped back into inaction. Speculation is rife as to whether the James Nelson Company will declare any dividend for the past year, and the doubts are not likely to be set at rest until a week or so after Easter. Gramophone shares continue to be picked up by those who care for speculative investments. The Catering list inclines to dullness, and Slaters are now low enough to make an adventure into the shares likely to turn out profitably.

GILT-EDGED BORROWING.

The ostentatious buying of Consols to which we have alluded is explained by the issue of the first £5,000,000 of Irish Land stock, for which subscriptions are invited at 86. What a falling-off is here! The United Kingdom having to offer a 2½ per cent. loan at such a price. We sincerely wish that this little loan were the end of it, but it is known that the stock now offered is only half the required amount, and we have to face several other very much larger inroads on our available cash resources. There is the Transvaal £10,000,000, which cannot be long delayed; then the London Water Board will be in want of about £40,000,000; and the Docks purchase scheme is exciting considerable interest, and a heavy amount will be required to settle the bill. Of course, in the last two cases, the present holders of Water and Dock stocks will probably reinvest a large part of the purchase consideration, so that the uneasiness caused by the heavy nominal amounts required is probably exaggerated; but, put in the most favourable light, there can be no doubt we have to face large public borrowings, which will not help to make the gilt-edged market more healthy. Fortunately, there is a prospect of cheaper money, which will do much to improve the position.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Does the outside public take as much interest in Stock Exchange domestic matters as the newspapers would have us believe? I often wonder. You see the ordinary daily paper in its Money Article column energetically discussing and recording matters regarding the Stock Exchange which can only possibly concern members of the House, who are probably a very small proportion of that paper's readers. If the outsiders do take so much interest in our domestic matters as the space allotted to such affairs in the daily papers would lead one to suppose, all I can say is that we ought to consider ourselves highly flattered. Look at all the yards of stuff that the papers have printed about the Committee Election; does anybody outside the House and those who are personally interested in the candidates care a brace of straws about the thirty men elected to govern us for another twelvemonth? One would be inclined to doubt it were it not for the persistent notice taken of the elections in the City pages of the daily papers, which, of course, cannot be accused of wanting to fill up their space with this kind of thing because they have so few subjects of real interest to write about at the present time.

Speculation shows little or no signs of spreading, and it really looks as though the investment markets are likely to show a buyer the best results in the near future. If this view is correct, a close examination of the Foreign Railway list would probably be a useful occupation for some idle half-hour. There are several 4 per cent. Debentures well below par which look tempting, because an improvement in general conditions would see their prices hoisted smartly enough. I refer to stocks such as Cordoba and Rosario 4 per cent. First Debenture at 85, for example. It is speculative, of course; the yield of £4 14s. on a First Debenture stock proclaims that the security is not gilt-edged. But silver-edged descriptions are not to be despised, and Buenos Ayres and Pacific 5 per cent. Debenture stock at 101 comes into the same category. The Company's 4 per cent. First Debenture stands at the same price, 101, but there seems to be very little risk in buying the Fives. Bahia-Blanca 4 per cent. First Debenture stock at 91 pays £4 8s. on the money, and, to go outside the Argentine concerns, Leopoldina 4 per cent. Debenture at 85½ is a very fair speculative investment. Or there is Mexican Railway 6 per cent. Debenture at about 129, yielding £4 13s. to a buyer; the stock has scarcely moved in spite of the recent jump in the First Preference upon the good traffic-receipts. It may, perhaps, be a year or two before we get any



KIMBERLEY WATERWORKS: VAAL RIVER, OPPOSITE THE INTAKE.

substantial speculative business (although I hope by all the powers it won't be as long as that), but investors are sure to come quietly back to the markets as money grows cheaper and the long-locked-up deposit accounts begin to be withdrawn from the banks.

Had the Labour Importation Ordinance gone through without all the fuss which has been made about it, we might have had a boom by this time. The magnates, one would imagine, must be profoundly disgusted at the turn events have taken, while supporters of the Government are not backward in expressions of irritation that the plaguey affair should be costing votes which would have been valuable just now. Few there are who envy the Colonial Secretary, fewer still who would care to change places with Lord Milner. Nobody is satisfied with the outcome of a war that cost us 225 millions in money and I don't know how many thousands of lives. From the month when Peace broke out, hardly a single cause for solid satisfaction has been given to anyone, and the country may well ask how either our kinsmen in the new Colonies or the people at home have benefited by the sacrifices made by the British Empire. That the various problems will gradually disentangle themselves in the course of time there can be no reasonable doubt, but how long it is going to be before the Mining industry, with all that hangs upon it, gets under way again is more than the Stock Exchange, at all events, can say. Of course, it seems foolish to sell Kaffir shares now they are so low, but, on the other hand, there seems to be a further long wait in prospect before the Deep-levels get to business. And, after all, they are the main props upon which the Kaffir Market will rely in the near future for gambling counters. In the 1902 boomlet it was the outcrops which commanded most of the attention, although interest was shifting even then to the shares which the powerful mining-houses had bought in exchange for their outcrop holdings. The rise, when it comes, will be principally concerned with these Deep-level shares, but this, of course, is no reason why gold properties should be sold at their current prices. By the way, some people may remember a concern called Wilson's Options that was put on the Kaffir Market a year or two ago. The price went up to something like £15, rising by pounds *per diem*. What the Company's object was, or anything about its chances, did not matter at the time. Vague reports said that it had valuable options over different parts of the Randt, and, when the price stood at 15, I remember being solemnly assured it would go to 50. The shares are now somewhere about £3 apiece, and, if you were to offer them at 2, you might still be unable to find a buyer.

That story about one of the big houses having lately made a million pounds by closing its bear account sounds a trifle tall, even for Fleet Street. It takes a good lot of dealing to open an account capable of yielding such a profit, and the casual observer might fairly ask why the market in this particular class of shares did not utterly collapse. The big houses are practically the only buyers which have been left for months; the public may sell, but they do not buy five hundreds or thousands of shares in a line, and the specialities of the house in question are as liable as anything else to the popular indifference as regards buying. It seems a pity to spoil a pretty story, but one feels terribly inclined to re-echo the barber's invitation after he has finished with one customer and is ready for another.

The proposals advanced by Mr. A. H. Leigh for more sharply defining the businesses of broker and jobber, with other suggestions involving private telephone communication for every broker with the Stock Exchange, have practically dropped out of sight in the present demand for limitation of membership. Mr. Leigh must not allow them to be forgotten. Life is far too dreary and monotonous for opportunities to be missed that create fresh subjects for discussion, and, judging from the circulars that Mr. Leigh sent us, giving his views, the gem of originality may be relied upon to crown his proposals for "Reform"—a word, by the way, of which some of us are becoming a little tired.

With the James Nelson report due in a few weeks, there will probably be a good many tips circulated regarding the shares. The wise man will listen to the tips and—leave the shares severely alone. The people running the market are versed in all the arts that make for profit to themselves; other people can look out for their own skins. Better is it to buy Bovril Ordinary than Nelsons, although, of course, they have not the same speculative character: you are not as likely to get "left" in the one as in the other, and, when all is said and done, speculation in days of dulness rarely pays like speculative investment does.

"I care not much for gold or land;
Give me a mortgage here and there,
Some good bank stock, some note-of-hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I shall spend."

What a pity it is that the ever-delightful Oliver Wendell Holmes did not tell us what Yankee Rails we ought to buy! It might have been such a help in the present spring boom in Yankees. Even Canadas are looking up, taking Grand Trunks in their train, despite the airy talk of the next dividend on Firsts and Seconds being passed. Next August I expect we shall all be laughing at our present fears.

You yawn? I do not wonder. My ideas are coming to an end, and, as somebody said, "When the devil finds the door shut, he retires." His lowest bow, and that is the last you see for the present of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, March 19, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ARGENTINE.—(1) The liability is limited to the amount you invest. Cédulas are paper mortgages issued by a Land Bank in Argentina to the owners of the various properties and by such persons converted into cash. (2) All the series except one are on a currency basis, and hence any drop in the gold premium increases the interest received by European holders. (3) The various series have different sinking funds, and hence are redeemed on different dates. The earlier sums were issued when land values were less inflated than in later times, and are supposed to have a sounder security. (4) The national credit is not pledged in the case of Cédulas. The security is the land on which the Bonds are secured by way of mortgage. (5) "The Stock Exchange Year-Book," published by Thomas Skinner, 1, Royal Exchange Buildings, is what you want.

FINANCIER.—We will inquire and let you know during the week, but we think the people in question are among the worst, and that when they lose they plead the Gambling Act.

E. R. A.—If you will take an ordinary commercial risk to get 6 per cent., the following would suit you: (1) John Wright and Eagle Range Pref. or Ordinary shares; (2) United States Brewing 6 per cent. Debentures; (3) C. A. Pearson, Limited, 5½ Pref. shares. Put £200 into each, and your risks (such as they are) will be well spread.

PAPER.—We think Great Boulder Perseverance is among the best of the Westralian Companies. The capital is large, namely, £1,400,000 issued, hence the price.

We are asked to state that Sir Kenelm E. Digby, K.C.B., K.C., has been elected a Director of the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society.

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